# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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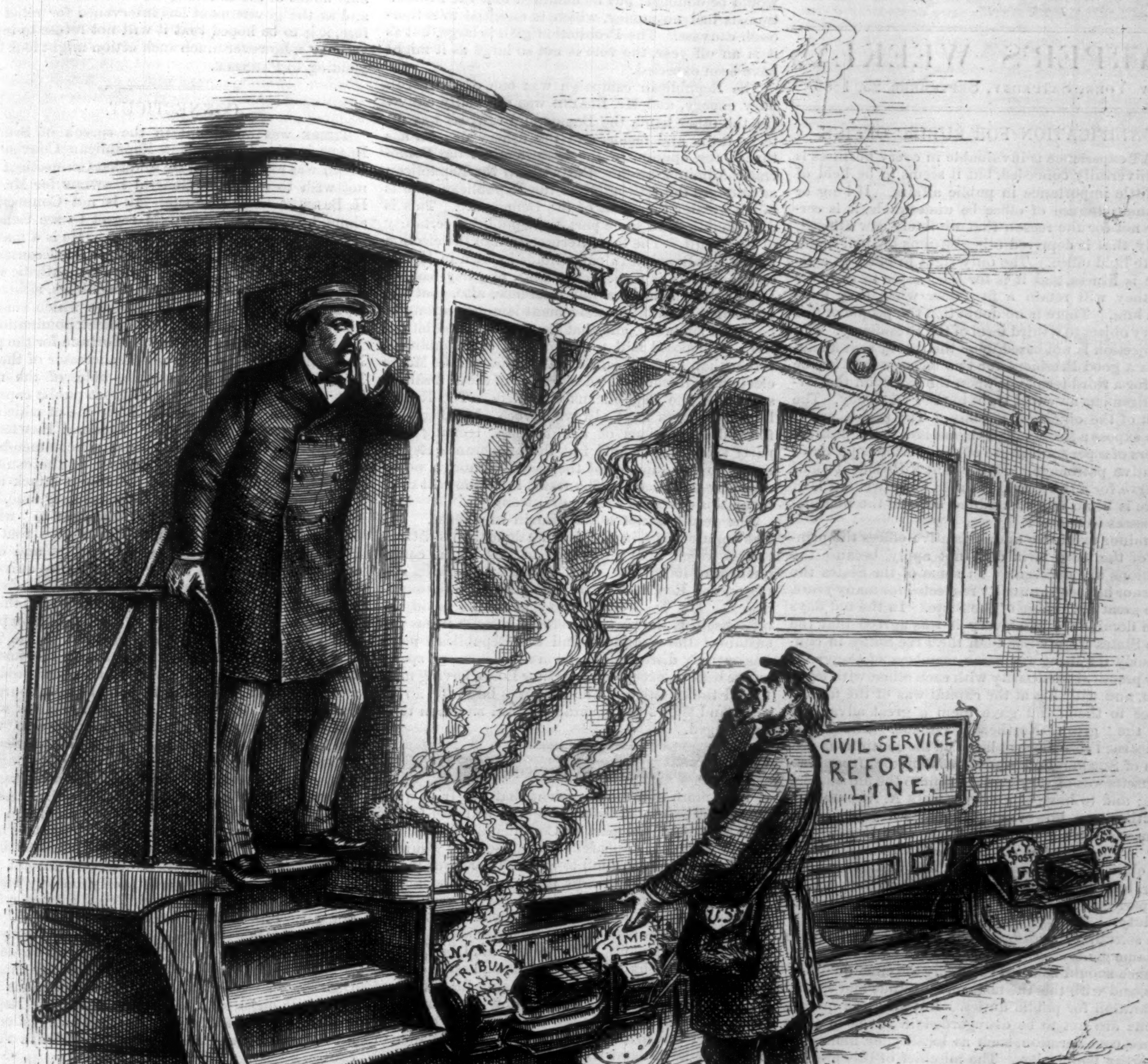


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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

## QUALIFICATION FOR PUBLIC OFFICE.

THAT experience is invaluable in every business is universally conceded, but it seems to be held of very little importance in public affairs. If long or permanent tenure of office be undesirable, it is certainly not for the reason that we lately saw alleged, namely, that it deprived other citizens of their equal right to hold office. The only right to office in a republic is fitness, and it is for the people to say how long they will retain a fit officer when they have found him. There is no doubt that the people of this country object to a third term of the Presidency. But the objection is not based upon the theory that a man who is a good President for two terms would not be good for a third term, nor upon the assertion that every citizen has an equal right to the Presidency. The reason of the objection is plain. The people prefer not to expose a President or themselves to the possible dangers of a personal abuse of the enormous power of Executive patronage. Hence that a President shall not serve for a third term is called an unwritten law, and he is in no way discredited because the nomination passes to another.

In minor executive and legislative offices the principle of the third term does not apply, because the conditions are different. In some of the States the Governor has been annually re-elected for many years, to the great advantage of the State. In the old days of the dominance of slavery it was agreed that the Slave States were wiser than the Free States in continuously retaining the same members of Congress. Their practical familiarity with each other, with legislation, and with life at the capital was of the utmost service to them, and gave them a great advantage over the "green" Northern members. The lesson was learned elsewhere at last, and the continuous presence of SUMNER and WILSON as Senators from Massachusetts was of very great benefit to the antislavery cause; and to have exchanged JOHN A. ANDREW for any other man, however worthy, as Governor of Massachusetts during the war would have been great folly. The reason is not that there was no other citizen qualified to be an efficient and admirable Governor, but that ANDREW was such a Governor, and he was perfectly familiar with the practical discharge of the duty.

In selecting successors to men in high public place the same general principle should be observed. Experience should be rated as among the chief qualifications, and with this the taste and aptitude and special preparation for public duties. But all these qualifications are apt to be disregarded in favor of some chance consideration, such as locality, or money, or unworthy popularity. The mischief of this practice is obvious. It assures every man who is inclined to qualify himself properly for high public responsibility that character, ability, and careful preparation for the public service are not the passports to success, and that free spending of money and bargaining with the boys are the high-road to high place. There are no more important questions now before Congress than those which relate to finance and to reform in administrative methods. But how many candidates are selected because of their knowledge of such questions, and their ability to advocate their views? One of the ludicrous practices at Congressional elections is that of rotation by locality. If a district is composed of three or four counties, the nomination is allotted to each in turn. An admirable Representative, especially qualified by natural ability and by experience to serve his district, is set aside because it is the turn of another county to designate the candidate. Of course, if he be a man of no significance, it is no matter; and of course, also, such a method of selection tends to produce such Representatives. But when a thoroughly qualified man for the duty is found, the most sensible and American thing that his constituents can do is to retain him as long as he will serve. And for any elective and executive office every excellent and respectable and rich and amiable man of no experience or other qualification should be set aside for the man of special experience and proved ability and fitness.

## MAINE.

THE result of the Maine election was anticipated. That the Republican candidates would be elected has not been doubted. The only curiosity was in regard to the majority and to the Prohibition vote. The appearance and activity of Mr. BLAINE in a State campaign of no especial significance was interesting as showing his view of the political situation, and his hopes of the nomination in 1888. The actual result in Maine is a general Republican victory by a plurality of about 12,000, while the Prohibition vote is computed to be about 3500. Mr. NEAL DOW anticipated that ST. JOHN'S vote of 1884, which was 2100, would be doubled; but he admitted that the Prohibitionists had no money, which is essential to a thorough canvass. The Prohibition gain is large, but as it is an off year, the vote is not so large as it might have been expected.

The Republican campaign was one of extraordinary energy, and Mr. BLAINE was especially active. On the other hand, the Democratic canvass was utterly futile and feeble, and the fishery dispute has turned the opinion of the State against the Democratic Administration. But with all the Republican advantages the falling off of the Republican vote is much greater than that of the Democratic. This is due, doubtless, in some part, to Republican certainty of the result. The fair interpretation of the election is that the Republican party holds its own in Maine, and that there is no serious change of party feeling. It would seem to be a fair inference, also, that the distinctive Prohibition movement is not so strong as has been supposed, and that Republican Prohibitionists are disposed still to be counted as Republicans rather than Prohibitionists. This aspect of the Maine elections will temper the declaration of the anti-saloon section of the Republicans elsewhere. The Republican managers have always advocated strong platform denunciations of drunkenness, trusting that party spirit would hold fast the temperance Republicans to the support of the ticket, although nominated by the saloon. The result in Maine will commend this course to them more strongly.

The result is not a surprise in any sense. The Democratic party, indeed, has not done the monstrous things which were prophesied in 1884 as the consequences of its success. But neither has it given any reason for Republicans to prefer Democratic ascendency. The Democratic party in Maine could not offer itself as the party of reform, because it has not sustained the President, and the Republican party has entirely disregarded reform as an issue, no speaker, we believe, except ex-Governor LONG, having mentioned the question. The vote was large for an off year, and shows the general political situation to be unchanged.

## IRISH EVICTIONS.

IT is more and more evident that the Irish question must be settled before England will feel free to take an influential part in Continental politics, and Mr. PARNELL has apparently confused the Ministry by his simple proposition to suspend evictions in certain cases. To Americans this seems to be a proposal that the government shall relieve one of the parties to a contract from its fulfilment. But in Ireland the government constantly interferes between landlord and tenant. The present land bill of 1881 was introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE, and established a land court to readjust rents equitably for a term of fifteen years, during which time non-payment of the stipulated rent should be the sole reason for eviction. The court was also authorized to buy for tenants on favorable terms land which they occupied. The opposition of the Lords to this bill renewed the cry for the abolition of the House of Lords, but the bill became law. Mr. PARNELL now pleads the inability of many tenants to pay even this judicial rent, as it is called, in consequence of the decline in the price of products, and proposes that upon payment of one-half of the rent eviction shall be stayed. This is a reduction of fifty per cent. of the rent in such cases.

Mr. PARNELL also proposes to admit the long leaseholders—those who do not hold under the fifteen years' arrangement—to the benefit of the act. This is virtually a general revision of rents in all cases that the court decides to be urgent. Of course the necessity of such a provision must be shown by establishing a general suffering which makes payment of the full rent practically impossible. There is, however, little doubt of the existence of such inability in a large number of cases, and if this shall be shown, the government cannot refuse to intervene without serious consequences. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is understood to lean toward concession of some kind, and even the Tory newspaper, the *Standard*, holds that policy and humanity alike require the relief in cases where tenants are distressed not through any fault of their own. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, while admitting the desirability of some action, doubts the necessity of including the long leaseholders.

There is no doubt that Mr. PARNELL has taken a very strong position, and if Mr. GLADSTONE should return and aid him in the debate, a serious blow may be dealt at the Ministry, either by forcing it to yield or by breeding dissension. Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, however, who is Mr. PARNELL'S lieutenant, is sure that even if the bill should pass the House of Commons, it would be defeated by the Lords, and that the coming winter would be a very critical and trying one for Ireland. There would be despairing resistance to evictions, and, if necessary, armed enforcement of the landlord's claim. Mr. MCCARTHY says that resistance would be for the interest of the Tory party, because it would seem to justify coercion to enforce the payment of just debts. Such a result is greatly to be deplored, and as there is probably no reasonable doubt of the suffering and the inability to pay, and as the government has intervened for relief before, it is to be hoped that it will not refuse to intervene now, however much such action might look like yielding to PARNELL.

## CONNECTICUT.

THERE was one point in the speech of Senator PLATT in the Connecticut Republican Convention which was well taken. He said that Connecticut did not wish to exchange General HAWLEY for Mr. W. H. BARNUM in the Senate. It is not Connecticut alone, however, which would regret to see General HAWLEY leave his present position. He is a man so upright, so naturally friendly to all good causes, so prompt and ready a debater, and so sympathetic with the forward movement of American politics, although, as Mr. EDMUNDS says, he held views which enabled him actively to support the Republican nomination of '84, that it would be a serious misfortune for the public service to replace him with a successor of the old Democratic school. Honorable, able, of the most just and generous impulses, of great public capacity and experience, his career has been one of which his State may well be proud, for General HAWLEY is the kind of Republican which greatly commends the Republican party to the confidence of the country. His colleague's speech was a vehement attack upon the Administration. It had a perfunctory tone, as if upon such an occasion it was necessary to "whoop her up." But when Senator PLATT says that the President "proceeded to appoint cabinet and other officers whose conduct has produced almost universal public distrust," he seems to us to mistake the fact.

One of the chief cabinet appointments, and the one which was generally derided by the Republican press, was that of Mr. MANNING as Secretary of the Treasury. But evidently Senator PLATT is not justified in saying that the Secretary's course has produced general distrust, while the President's own course, so far from exciting distrust, has been such as would undoubtedly cause many Republicans who voted against him in '84 to vote for him in '88. Senator PLATT evidently forgot the story of the five hundred cats. There was undoubtedly a kitten in the garden; but five hundred cats! However, the exigencies of a Convention are imperative, and the chairman must not lag. Senator HAWLEY said that the failure of the administration was not due to the President, but to the fact that the Democratic party is not yet fit to govern, and has no definite policy on any subject, neither the currency, the tariff, civil service reform, nor any other. But, excepting protection, upon which the Republican declarations are generally agreed, the Republican party has no more definite policy upon the real questions of the day than the Democratic. It is certainly not harmonious upon the silver question, and as for reform, the Republican platforms of the year are generally silent, or are merely denunciatory of the President's reform course.

In all his recent speeches in Maine, Mr. BLAINE, in discussing what he holds to be the Republican position upon great public questions, did not even allude, so far as we are aware, to the question of reform. Ex-Governor LONG, a faithful friend of reform, in a speech at Portland, remarked that he was not "ashamed to say" that he is an advocate of reform—a phrase which he could not have used if reform were a party measure. Old Republicans were not accustomed to say that they were not ashamed of advocating the non-extension of slavery. Not one of the State Republican Conventions has adopted the declaration of the National Convention of 1884 upon the subject of reform, and even the Connecticut Convention merely demands an honest and thorough enforcement of the existing law, and its extension to municipal and State administrations, not its extension to every branch of the national service, and the strict observance of its spirit beyond the range of the classified service. It is idle to claim that in any distinctive sense reform of the civil service is a Republican principle or policy, or to suppose that Mr. BLAINE, had he been elected, would have enforced it more consistently than Mr. CLEVELAND has done. Nobody supposes that if the Republicans carry the Connecticut Legislature they will promptly apply the law to the State

and municipal service, as they would certainly do if it were a party policy. Of course the Democrats would not. But that fact does not make it a Republican policy. The Republican party does not hold public confidence by any definite policy which it professes, but by its traditions and the general character of its adherents. This, however, as every intelligent Republican leader will admit, is not a secure or satisfactory basis for a party. The Federal party was strong in its traditions and in the character of its adherents, but this was not enough to perpetuate the party.

## THE MAYORALTY.

THE laying out of streets in a city, lighting them and draining them and keeping public order, are no more political duties than the management of the Erie Canal or of the Central Railroad. The instant that party politics are introduced into municipal affairs, abuses and corruption and extravagance of every kind follow, and the conviction is very rapidly extending that if we would have economical and efficient city government, it must be separated from party politics. City officers must be voted for, not because they are Republicans or Democrats or Greenbackers, or Baptists or Quakers or Catholics, or merchants or carpenters or lawyers, but because they are men of honesty, courage, energy, and intelligence, who will attend faithfully to the duties with which they are intrusted, which are neither political nor religious duties. It is this conviction which elected Mayor GRACE, and which is strong enough to elect his successor. The SQUIRE-FLYNN disclosures have concentrated public attention upon city affairs. The selection of General NEWTON as Commissioner of Public Works has been universally acceptable, because he is believed to be an upright, able, and especially qualified officer. A man of the same kind, if nominated for Mayor, would be certainly elected in the present temper of the public mind.

It is probable, however, that, as usual, party nominations will be made for the Mayoralty. Tammany Hall and the County Democracy and the Republican organization will present candidates. An independent citizens' nomination, like that of Mayor GRACE in 1884, will depend probably upon the situation. Politically the city is overwhelmingly Democratic, and if the Democratic factions should unite, they would elect their candidate. But they will not unite. The Republicans are the minority, and the notorious character of the Republican organization in the city generally covers its nominations with suspicion. The Republican candidates have been usually put forward simply as the basis of a deal. This year, if the Republicans nominate a candidate for Mayor, the kind of man who is selected will show at once and unmistakably whether he is named for a deal or for honest support.

There is one Republican whose selection would doubtless command the hearty support of good citizens of all parties who desire an upright, firm, and courageous conduct of municipal affairs, free from deals and intrigues and corruption. We mean Mr. THOMAS C. ACTON. He is a man of the highest character and executive force, long and peculiarly familiar with municipal affairs, of great official aptitude and experience, who would be distracted by no private business, and would devote himself wholly to his public duty. We doubt if there is a man in the city more peculiarly qualified for the Mayoralty, and with Mr. ACTON at the City Hall, and General NEWTON in the Superintendency of Public Works, the task of redeeming the municipal administration of New York, which Mayor GRACE has happily begun, would be carried steadily forward. Mr. ACTON has served in various municipal departments. For nine years he was Police Commissioner, and for seven years President of the Board. His conduct during the draft riots of 1863 tested the quality of the man and the officer. He was Superintendent of the National Assay Office for twelve years, and Sub-Treasurer for four years, discharging his duties without a word of censure or suspicion, and leaving his office with all the vast accounts of his term balancing to a cent. A man so fitted by character, ability, and experience for the Mayoralty of New York as Mr. ACTON is not easily found.

## IRISH AMERICANS.

OUR recent article upon the anomaly of American citizens taking part in British politics under the leadership of British subjects has elicited the following letter from a correspondent at the West, who describes himself as "a Celtic Irishman in his sixtieth year, a Catholic in faith, a Democrat in politics, a republican in its broadest sense by reading and reflection." His letter shows that the dynamite conspirator in America is not the only nor the representative Irish American.

"I snatch a moment from my business to thank you for the article on the Irish League. Permit me to say that the vast majority of those who subscribe to the League fund in America have a very definite idea of the principles which govern them in so doing. They are American citizens owing paramount allegiance to their adopted country. They never will countenance any policy (even if such were at all to be looked for) which would in any degree imperil the international amity existing between England and the United States. Their efforts are auxiliary to those of their brethren in Ireland, and they accept *their* policy as it is presented by the accredited leaders of the Irish people, viz., an agitation within the law to achieve political amelioration by the force of public opinion in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

"Moreover, the mass of educated Irishmen in America believe that that fruition is delayed by the loud-voiced and violent fraction of our people. They believe that the importance of that noisy fraction is declining, and will shortly lose its marketable value to the politician. They believe that the degree of self-government which the Irish people desire will be measured infallibly by the civic virtues which they possess. If they shall exhibit courage, steadfastness of purpose, integrity to obligations, joined to a sweet and manly tolerance, they will undoubtedly succeed."

## LOCAL HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

IN a very pleasant article upon the New York Historical Society, in the *Magazine of American History*, Mrs. LAMB, the editor, calls attention to the fact that the origin of such societies in this country is traced to JOHN PINTARD, a noted citizen of New York at the close of the last and the beginning of this century. In 1789 the famous JEREMY BELKNAP wrote from Boston to Postmaster-General HAZARD in New York stating that Mr. PINTARD had urged upon him the formation of a society of antiquaries. In 1791 the Massachusetts Historical Society was formed, with the Reverend JEREMY BELKNAP as President, and in 1804 the New York Society was organized.

Its list of presidents is composed of very distinguished citizens. The first name is EGBERT BENSON; the second, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS; the third, DE WITT CLINTON. Its service in collecting historic material and fostering an interest in local historical research has been great, and Mrs. LAMB tells the story with her customary skill and spirit.

The article itself will be very serviceable if it should stimulate the formation of similar memorial societies everywhere. In no country could they be more useful than here, because no population is so largely and constantly increased by immigration as ours, and because nothing develops public spirit more surely than the pride which springs from honorable local traditions.

## DEAD BIRDS AND NOSE-RINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the fact that stuffed birds are again exhibited in the windows of the fashionable millinery shops, and it is announced that birds will once more be in fashion for hats and bonnets. This is a direct incitement to a cruel slaughter for the gratification of a false and morbid taste. The protest against it has not been unavailing, despite the reappearance of the monstrous fashion. The agitation has turned public attention to the subject, and the woman who wears a dead bird for ornament is in danger of being regarded by intelligent persons as they regard a fantastic barbarian. Savages wear the scalps of their enemies, but the birds have done the young women no harm, that they should decorate their heads triumphantly with the birds' dead bodies.

More than this, the law happily interferes, and at least attempts to protect the birds against the boys and girls. Under a penalty of fine or imprisonment, or both, it declares that

"No person in any of the counties of this State shall kill, wound, trap, net, snare, catch with birdlime, or with any similar substance, poison, or drug, any bird of song, or any linnet, bluebird, yellow-hammer, yellow-bird, thrush, woodpecker, cat-bird, pewee, swallow, martin, blue-jay, oriole, kildee, snow-bird, grass-bird, grosbeak, bobolink, phœbe-bird, humming-bird, wren, robin, meadow-lark, or starling, or any wild bird other than a game bird, nor shall any person purchase or have in possession, or expose for sale, any such song or wild bird, or any part thereof, after the same has been killed."

This is a law in accord with the best sentiment of the community, and the existence of such a law is the severest rebuke of a repulsive fashion. The lady who wears a dead bird need not affect contempt of her fellow-savage who wears a nose-ring.

## THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.

JUDGE WALLACE, of the United States Circuit Court, has just rendered a decision upon an interesting and important point of the law of copyright. The case was that of HARPER against SHOPPELL. The defendant had made an electrotype copy of an engraving that appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, the WEEKLY being copyrighted, and had sold his plate, which was afterward published in another periodical. Judge WALLACE, after a full presentation of the facts, decides that, under the circumstances of the case, the defendant is liable in damages as a joint wrong-doer with the publisher of the periodical in which the reproduced engraving appeared.

The point involved was whether the copyright of a "book," as such, protects the engravings published in the same. This point has never come directly before the courts in this country, and Judge WALLACE'S decision establishes here the English rule, which, as stated by Judge JESSELL, is that "a book must include every part of the book; it must include every print, design, or engraving which forms part of the book, as well as the letter-press therein, which forms another part of it."

## PERSONAL.

IN a letter to a gentleman of this city the Rev. R. S. TRASSIER, Rector of St. Michael's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, writes: "The injury done to St. Michael's Church is not so great as at first reported, though it is very considerable. The exact extent cannot be ascertained until we can get the report of experts. The steeple is safe, though the walls of the church building are badly cracked, and the pillars supporting the portico are broken. It must involve a large sum to repair the venerable edifice. The Charlestonians have met the danger with great heroism. Amid many and great sufferings, with patience and energy they are striving to repair damages, in which laudable efforts they are greatly cheered and encouraged by the noble and generous sympathy and aid extended to them from all quarters of the land."

—Dr. JOHN E. GARRETSON, Dean of the Philadelphia Dental College, and a physician of large practice, is a man with a dual existence. Generally two days in each week he disappears from the Quaker City, and emerges at a small farm he owns in the midst of a wild district in Jersey. He bought some years ago a few acres of swampy ground, and with the casual assistance of stray tramps and an occasional hired man cleared and by degrees cultivated a pastoral oasis in the midst of the wilderness. Under the pen name of "John Darby" he has published half a dozen successful books of a broad philosophic nature. One, entitled *In Brushland*, in which he describes his farming experiences, has gone through several editions here and in England.

—The leading hatter of the metropolis declares that the uglier a man is, the longer it takes him to suit himself with a hat, and the oftener does he look into the glass while buying one. A very unprepossessing customer the other day took two hours and ten minutes, and then came back to return the hat, and to have one made to order.

—Old college graduates will appreciate the phrase in which Mr. E. C. STEDMAN refers to "the timidity of an old graduate who tries to quote Horace before those trained in the latest Roman pronunciation."

—General R. E. LEE's personality was so interesting that Southerners tell more kind stories about him now than at the period immediately succeeding his death. At the Southern watering-places last summer his name was more frequently mentioned than that of any other public man of his era.

—When Mr. WILSON BARRETT, the English actor, comes to this country we shall see an unconventional impersonation of Hamlet. Mr. WILSON BARRETT is not above using conversational tones in a piece of SHAKESPEARE'S.

—Colonel H. L. HIGGINSON, the originator of the Boston symphony concerts, has never yet succeeded in making them sustain themselves. The patronage has always been very large, and handsome premiums have been paid for the choice of seats; but it is understood that the season of 1885–6 resulted in a loss of more than ten thousand dollars, which is a handsome gift from an individual to the general public.

—The late Professor GURNEY, of Harvard College, was a son-in-law of the late Dr. ROBERT W. HOOPER, a considerable portion of whose estate had come to Mrs. GURNEY through his death and that of her sister. The fine new mansion at Beverly Farms which Professor GURNEY had just built, and to which he had transferred a large part of his historical library, in order to study there at his ease during the summer, is of stone, so massively hewed and set as to be almost like a castle.

—Mr. BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, the French-figure painter, who came within a few votes of receiving the coveted Medal of Honor at the last Salon, gave his photograph to Mr. ROLAND KNOEDLER, of this city, with the following words written on the back of the card: "A l'ami ROLAND, le plus Parisien des Américains."

—Mr. W. H. NORTON, the Boston marine painter, has worked his way up from the bottom of the ladder. Not many years ago he was a decorator of chamber furniture, of the so-called "cottage" styles, and the little medallion views of sea and shore which he put upon the crude surfaces of blue or green attracted attention. As soon as he had the time and the means to spare for something better, his talent was recognized.

—Mr. A. A. SARGENT, ex-Minister to Germany, who will probably be among the candidates for United States Senator from California at the election next winter, is utilizing his leisure by writing articles for the *Overland Monthly* on subjects ranging from irrigation in California to the Chinese question.

—We hear from a correspondent in Germany that the Nestor of English philology in that country, Professor Dr. MÄTZNER, of Berlin, now past eighty, wishes to dispose of his valuable collection of 6000 volumes on the philology of the European languages in general and English philology in particular. It is an excellent chance for a public library in the United States, or for a private collector.

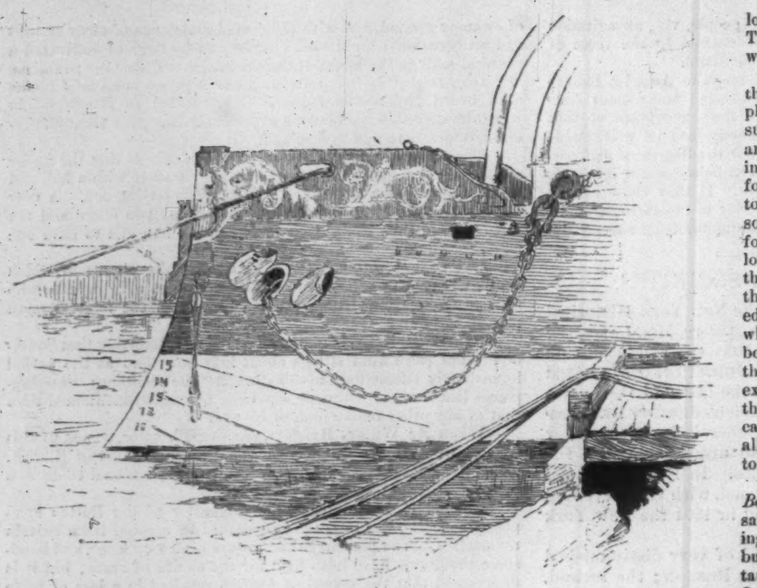
—A peculiar estate is that of the late THOMAS H. BLYTHE, a San Francisco millionaire who was noted for his luck, his parsimony, and his lack of kindred. He died intestate, and since his death more than threescore putative relatives have appeared, including three widows. One of the schemes which BLYTHE left unfinished was a colony to be established on a grant of 1,200,000 acres at the mouth of the Colorado River in Sonora. He secured this grant for a nominal sum on condition that he settled fifty families on it within five years. There are already forty families on the grant, and as the time expires next January, the Public Administrator is endeavoring to get the ten families needed to perfect the title.

—There was born a few days ago to Mr. and Mrs. JOHN MORGAN WING, of this city, a son whose endowment in living ancestry is very unusual, if not unique. Mr. WING'S grandmother survives, and Mrs. WING is the daughter of the late UZEL W. IRELAND, whose mother is still living, and whose widow is the daughter of Mr. GEORGE JONES, of the New York *Times*, whose wife completes the list of four living great-grandparents.

—Among the California Knights Templar who will be represented at St. Louis next week is WILLIAM T. COLEMAN, famous as the leader of the Vigilance Committee which hanged the murderer of Editor KING, and cleared San Francisco of the convicts and ballot-box stuffers who had gained complete control of the municipal government. The organization and membership of the Vigilance Committee have always been close secrets, but they will probably be revealed in H. H. BANCROFT'S history of *Popular Tribunals in California*. When KEARNEY and his sand-lot gang threatened to pillage and burn the costly residences of the railroad millionaires in San Francisco, Mr. COLEMAN again called together the survivors of the old Vigilance Committee, and it was the knowledge that this dreaded organization was ready for action which cooled the ardor of the hoodlum leader, and induced him to forego his looting expedition.

—A superb memorial window of colored glass is now finishing at the rooms of Mr. JOHN LAFARGE. It is intended for a church in the suburbs of Boston, and bears the name of HELEN ANGIER AMES. The dimensions are about sixteen feet by eight, and one of the principal life-size groups represents Help ministering to Need and Sorrow. These three figures, in tones of lustrous garnet, blue, and purple, are magnificent triumphs of line and color. Mr. LAFARGE is travelling in Japan, and expects to return next October.

—The Atlanta *Constitution* has this to say of Mr. JOHN H. INMAN, of the firm of INMAN, SWAN, & Co., and a well-known member of the New York Cotton Exchange: "It is curious to recount what he has done in the way of developing Southern interests. He invested nearly $2,000,000 in the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company; he is one of the strongest directors in the Louisville and Nashville railway system; he is the moneyed power back of the Macon and Covington road; he loaned the Georgia Pacific Company $250,000 when it was in straits, and afterward took about $2,000,000 of its bonds; he is a director and leading influence in the Richmond and Danville railway system; he took the entire loan of Atlanta four per cents, and made the first bid for the Georgia State loan of $2,140,000; he has over $200,000 invested in Atlanta real estate and securities, and now lays an investment of $4,000,000 at the gates of Birmingham. What a miracle of courage, sagacity, and success his career has been! Less than twenty years ago he went into New York, a rebel boy, in an ante-bellum suit which had not been put where moths do not corrupt, and less than $100 in money and property. He has now a fortune of several million dollars, is director in institutions that aggregate more than VANDERBILT'S wealth, and has been instrumental in having brought into the South more millions than he had dollars when he left her."



THE BOW.

## THE CRUISER "BOSTON."

THE third of the new steel war vessels built for the United States government at Chester, on the Delaware, by JOHN ROACH & SONS, is the *Boston*, a sister ship of the *Atlanta*. She has a length of 270 feet between perpendiculars, of 276 feet on the water-line, and of 283 feet over all; a depth of 34 feet; an extreme breadth of 42 feet. Among other measurements may be noted the height of her main-deck port-sill from load water-line, 11 feet; free-board at the extremities of her superstructure, 9 feet; mean draught at load water-line, 16 feet 10 inches. Her displacement is 3000 tons; her complement of men will be 230; she will have 10,400 square feet of plain sail. She can carry 580 tons of coal in her bunkers, with a possibility of getting 200 tons more aboard. Her engines, having an indicated horse-power of 3500, will give her a sea speed at least equal to that called for in her design, 13 knots. In her first voyage, made near the end of August, from Chester to New York, where she is now under completion, she averaged 12.6 knots, with a maximum of 66 revolutions and a maximum pressure of 85 pounds, between Barnegat and Sandy Hook. Hence she is expected to easily reach her contract speed—a very low one for a modern cruiser. The contract price of the *Boston* was $660,218 74.

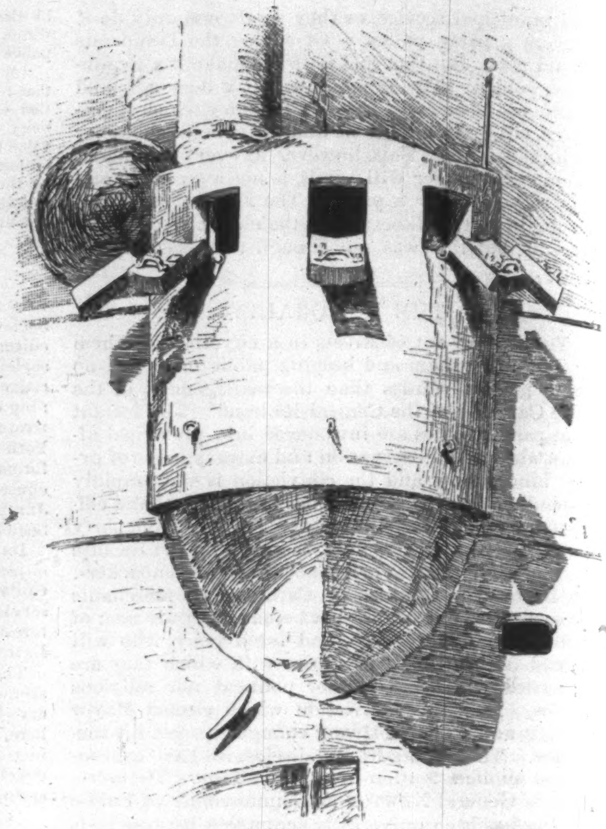
In the *Boston* as in the *Atlanta* the distinguishing feature is placing the battery in a central superstructure on the spar-deck, and adopting a brig rig, thus leaving the bow and stern clear for fore-and-aft fire. One objection to this construction raised by some experts is that the open forecastle and poop-deck may allow too much water to come on the decks in a high sea, so that the vessel's speed will be knocked down when her bows plunge, while the seas will also roll on board aft as her bows rise. But this drawback, whatever its real extent, is accepted on account of the great increase in the fighting capacity of the vessel gained by allowing an unobstructed train to the guns.

Other objections made to the *Boston* have been her lack of full sail-power and absence of sheathing. But Great Britain is now building cruisers with only military masts, and no sails at all. Our navy does not go to this extreme, as its chief employment is in peace, when for much routine cruising the cheap motor, wind, can be used to economize coal. As to the sheathing, the crack Chilian cruiser, the *Esmeralda*, has neither wooden nor copper sheathing. She is of about the *Boston's* size, and, like her, is an unarmored steel cruiser, with central superstructure, the top-gallant forecastle and covered poop being dispensed with, so as to give an extensive range to the guns. We must add, now that the comparison is started, that the *Esmeralda* can go more than eighteen knots an hour.

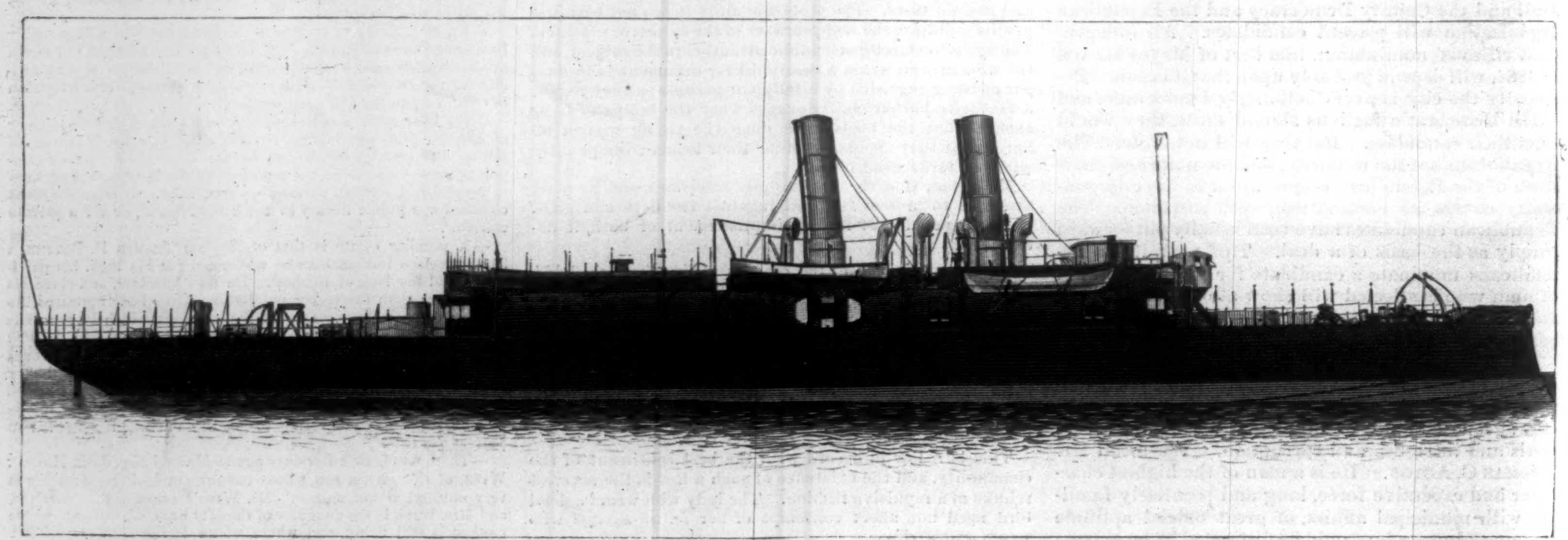
The battery of the *Boston* will consist of eight rifled cannon and probably twelve machine guns. The cannon will be the new steel high-power breech-loaders described recently in the WEEKLY. Six of them will be 6-inch guns, mounted within the central superstructure, two on each broadside, with a train of 60° before and abaft the beam, while of the remaining two, one in the forward starboard angle may fight either through a broadside or a forward port, and the other, in the aft port angle, either through a broadside or an aft port. In this superstructure the 6-inch guns and their crews are obviously protected alike from the fire of machine guns in an enemy's tops and from being disabled by falling spars or rigging. The manipulation of the guns, also, is simpler, and the service of the ammunition handier and safer, than in an open-deck battery. Outside the forward port angle and the after starboard angle of the superstructure we find the two remaining guns, 8-inch steel breech-loading long rifles, in barbettes three feet high, built of 2-inch steel plates. The forward gun has a train from 40° abaft the beam on the port side, all forward and across the bows around to 30° abaft the beam on the starboard side. The after gun has the counterpart of this range; and between these two and the superstructure battery it is clear that the whole circle is covered and overlaid with the lines of fire. The 8-inch guns will carry an armored mantelet to protect them against machine-gun fire.

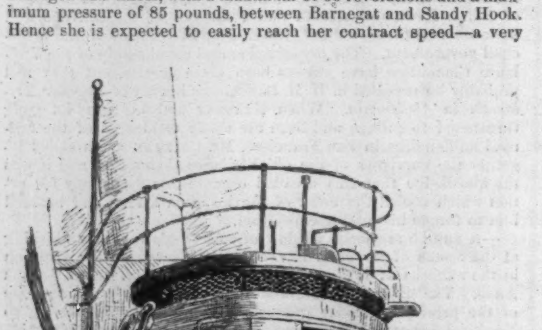
A protective steel deck 1½ inches thick encloses the entire machinery space of the *Boston*, which is 100 feet long, and this deck has been specially adjusted with respect to buoyancy. An inner bottom also extends throughout the length of the machinery space, forming a water-tight double bottom, containing twelve water-tight compartments. Longitudinal bulkheads, extending on each side of the machinery, form bunkers, affording a coal armor eight feet thick above the water-line, and an average of five feet below it. The *Boston* has in all 73 water-tight compartments.

We may sum up that the *Boston* has an exceeding low speed for a new cruiser of this year, yet will doubtless be of good service in displacing some one of the wooden craft now going to ruin. She has good if not great battery power, and will have many of the modern improvements in ship-building. The *Boston*, *Atlanta*, *Dolphin*, and *Chicago*, with all their shortcomings, are welcome additions to a fast dwindling navy, and their faults and drawbacks will show what to avoid in the next set of steel cruisers. The *Atlanta* has already had one trial trip, and when the *Boston* has received her final touches her speed will be tested. Then both vessels will take on their batteries as soon as these can be made ready for them.

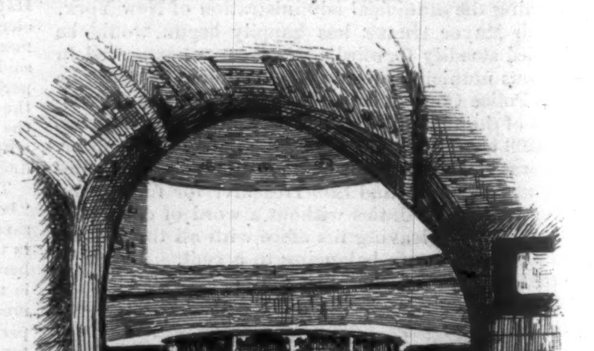


FIGHTING PILOT-HOUSE.



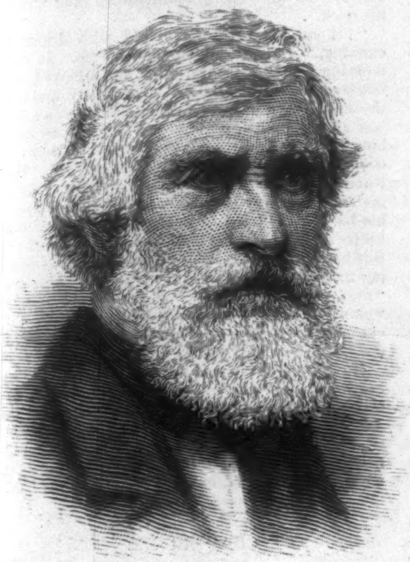


EXTERIOR OF GUN TOWER.



INTERIOR OF GUN TOWER.

THE UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR "BOSTON."—FROM SKETCHES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY PACH BROTHERS.



ASHER B. DURAND.—[See Page 619.]

GOVERNOR BODWELL.—Phot. by Lamson, Portland, Me.

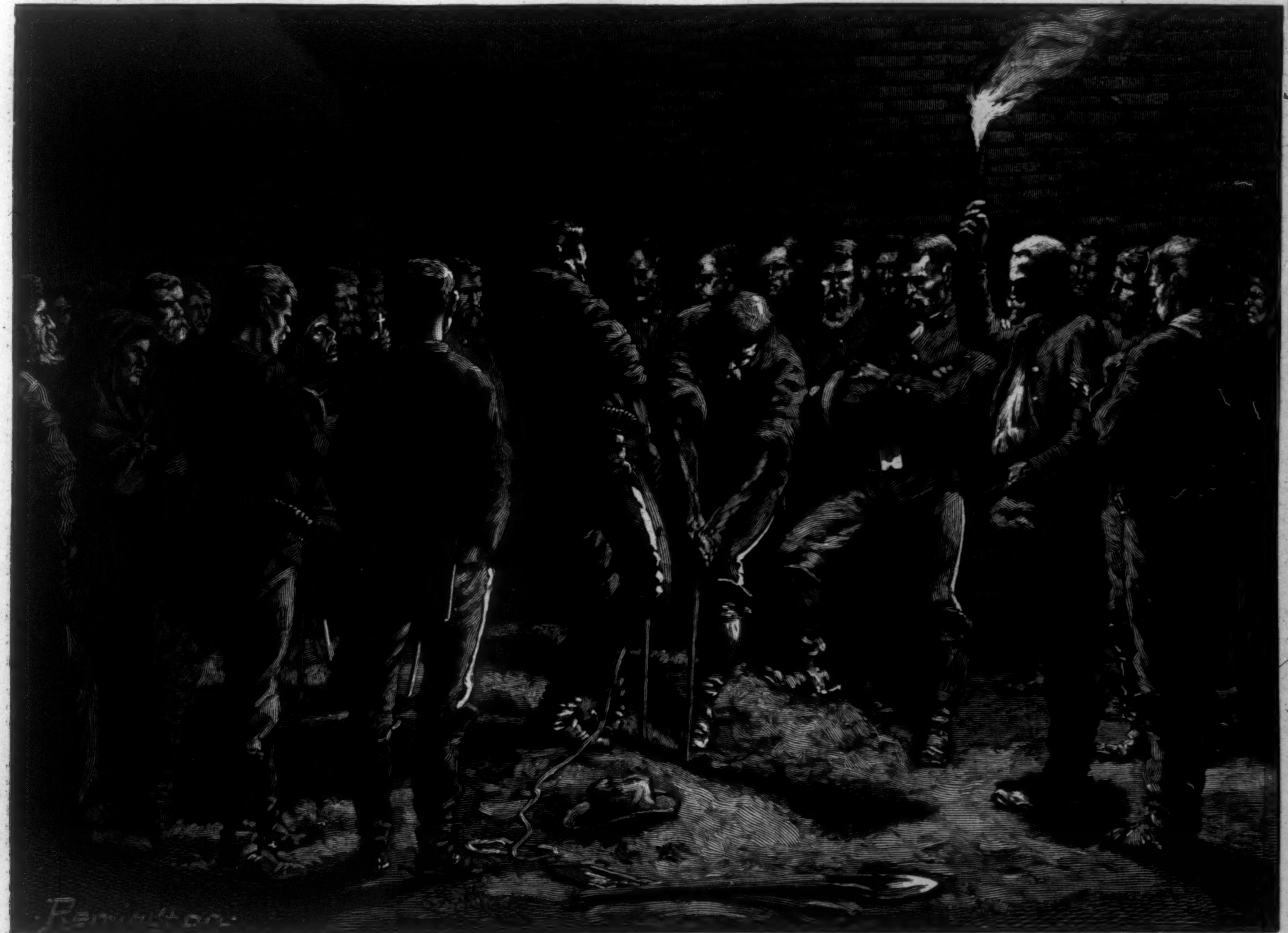
THE SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL ARCH AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

## MAINE'S GOVERNOR-ELECT.

Joseph R. Bodwell, who was last week elected Governor of Maine, was born in Methuen, Massachusetts, on June 18, 1818. While working as a boy on his father's farm young Bodwell became familiar with the process of quarrying and working granite, and in 1852, in company with Mr. Moses Webster, began quarrying on an island in Penobscot Bay. Later, the Bodwell Granite Company was formed. Mr. Bodwell was made its president, and has held the office ever since. He is also the head of the Hallowell Granite Company, which he organized in 1870, and is concerned in other business enterprises. He is one of the richest men in Maine, and his contracts for granite have been extensive and profitable, and have brought him into connection with many important public works. He has a fine farm at Hallowell, which he conducts for his pleasure and relaxation. He has served two terms in the lower branch of the Maine Legislature, has twice been Mayor of Hallowell, and was a delegate to the National Republican Conventions in 1880 and 1884.

## HARTFORD'S MEMORIAL ARCH.

The Soldiers' Memorial Arch at Hartford, Connecticut, was dedicated on Friday of last week in the presence of nearly ten thousand veterans and militiamen and thirty thousand other spectators. Senator Joseph R. Hawley accepted the handsome monument on behalf of the city, and delivered an oration. The arch, which has been erected on a commanding site at the end of a handsome brown-stone bridge which crosses Park River on one of the main streets of the city, was built at a cost of nearly $100,000. The architect of the structure was George Keller, of Hartford. The arch springs from two massive round towers 100 feet in height and 67 feet in circumference. About 40 feet from the ground, above the archway, is a broad terra-cotta frieze of rich sculpture which runs entirely around the monument, the total length of this frieze being 164 feet. Two subjects are represented. On the north side is represented a "Story of the War," and on the opposite side the "Return of the Northern Army." The designers of the frieze were Caspar Buberle and Samuel Kitson, of New York.




THE APACHE CAMPAIGN—BURIAL OF HATFIELD'S MEN.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 619.]

# The World Went Very Well Then.*

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### IN THE CRIMP'S HOUSE.

Mr. Jonathan Rayment was not only a crimp (though at his shop in Leman Street they knew not this, and in his houses they knew not his name), but he was a crimp in a large way of business, as they say of honest trades, being the possessor of half a dozen houses in different parts of London, all kept for no other purpose than the receiving of recruits for the service of the East India Company. There is no concealment about this business; everybody knows that they are crimps' houses. One of them was in High Street, Wapping; one in Chancery Lane; a third in Butcher Row, at the back of St. Clement's Church; and another in Tothill Fields. He employed a good many men to decoy and entrap his prey. Some among them went dressed soberly, like substantial citizens, or in scarlet, like half-pay captains, and frequented the gaming-houses, where they made the acquaintance of those who were driven to despair by losing all; some haunted the coffee-houses, taverns, theatres, and mug-houses. Here they picked up young countrymen who had run through their money, 'prentices who had robbed their masters, and even young gentlemen of quality who had wasted their substance in riotous living, and now saw nothing before them but a debtor's prison. Others, again, worked chiefly in the neighborhood of Wapping and the town, being always on the lookout for rustics and laboring-men out of work, disbanded soldiers, paid-off sailors, men discharged for misconduct, and rogues in hiding. These they either bought or entrapped, and sometimes when they could not persuade, they hesitated not to kidnap. It was from this gang that the six fellows came who assaulted Jack.

When they got to the river-side, still running at the double, being horribly afraid of the Press, and knowing not whether they might not encounter the gang face to face, they made all haste to deposit their charge in the boat, and rowed off. Presently the cold air playing on Jack's bare head began to revive him, and he half opened his eyes and began to collect his senses. Fortunately the men paid no attention to him, or it might have been all over with him. At first he understood nothing except that he was in a boat, but on what water he knew not. Next he understood that the men were rowing up-stream. And so, little by little, some knowledge of what had happened came to him, and he wondered whither they were taking him, and why he was thus treated. He understood, that is to say, that he had been attacked, and perhaps robbed, and that he had been in a swoon. More he knew not. "No voyage," he told me afterward, "ever seemed longer to me than this three-quarters of a mile from Deptford to King Edward's Stairs. And I knew not whether to rejoice or to tremble when the men shipped oars and the boat's bows struck the stairs." The event was doubtful, and only one thing certain, namely, that he was in hands which meant no good to him; that he had been knocked silly for a time, and was still incapable of making resistance; that it was growing late, and good people were abed; and that he had been conveyed to the other side of the river, where honest people are scarce. For all these reasons he resolved upon continuing senseless as long as possible. If, he thought, it had been intended to kill him, why had they not done so right out? Why had they not tumbled him into the river? Why had they taken all the trouble of carrying him to the river-side and so across the water if they were going to kill him? And if not, what were they going to do with him?

King Edward's Stairs, whither they brought him, are the next but one, going down the river, to Execution Dock. These stairs are at no time in the day so well frequented as Wapping Old Stairs and Wapping New Stairs, higher up, or Shadwell Stairs, lower down. After dark they are for the most part deserted, or simply used by the river pirates and night plunderers for the landing of the booty they have gotten from ships and barges. On this night there were no watermen on the stairs, and only, at the head, clustered together for warmth under a pent-house, which would keep off rain, if not wind and cold, half a dozen of the miserable boys who pick up their living in the mud of the river, and are called mud-larks or rat-catchers. When they grow up, they may perhaps become lumpers or scuffle-hunters, if they are lucky, and so get a chance of dying in their beds; but for the most part they are destined to become what are called light-horsemen (that is, robbers of ships lying in the river) and plunderers working for the receivers of Wapping and Shadwell, and pretty certain to be either knocked on the head in some brawl or hanged for robbery.

The boys looked up on hearing the steps, but seeing a dead body (as it seemed) being carried by half a dozen men, they prudently observed silence, and lay snug, lest they themselves might be put into the condition of being unable to give evidence. The men carried their burden up the steps, cursing and grumbling at the weight—a body measuring six feet one is not a light weight even for six men to carry. Then they turned the lantern once more upon his face.

"He is stark dead," said one. "Let us empty his pockets and chuck him into the river."

"No, no," said another. "Bring him along. He is not dead."

So they lifted him up and carried him along the streets, where by this time the taverns were closed, and the people all gone to their beds. Jack knew very well that they must be somewhere among those streets of sailors' houses and sailors' shops which lie between the river-side and the market-gardens of Shadwell and Wapping. But still he understood not what was intended by carrying him here.

Presently they halted at a house; it was in the High Street, Wapping. By this time Jack had cautiously opened his eyes. He saw that he was in the hands of a company of six. What had these fellows to do with him? Why did they take all this trouble?

Then the door was opened, and they carried him into the house and up the stairs into a room at the back. Here they flung him down upon the floor, and that so roughly that his wound was opened and he swooned away once more.

When he recovered, he found that they were dragging his clothes from him.

"Now," said one of them, "throw a blanket over him, Parson. Lay them things ready for him to put on; they're the clothes of the poor devil who died here last week. If he wants to escape, he will have either to run naked or to put on these duds, instead of his fine uniform, which will change him so as his own mother won't know him again. Perhaps she won't get the chance of setting eyes upon her boy for many a year to come. Now then, smart's the word, ye lubbers; we've got our man snug and safe, and now we'll have some supper, and watch turn about."

Jack was now wide-awake, but his head was still heavy. Things looked black. He was in a house at Wapping, and he was stripped naked; he had an open and bleeding wound in the head; a bundle of rags was lying beside him in place of his own clothes; he was guarded by half a dozen ruffians, as ugly and villanous looking a crew as one may desire. In looking at them, being, perhaps, a little light-headed with his wound, he began to think about Mr. Brinjes's piratical crew, and how they fought and killed each other. Perhaps these gentlemen might begin to fight after they had taken their supper. Perhaps they would all kill each other. Meanwhile he lay perfectly still, with one eye half open.

Then the man they called "Parson" came up-stairs, bringing food and drink, which he set upon the table, and they took their supper, for the most part in silence, or, if there was any talk, it was disguised and rendered unintelligible by the oaths and cursing which wrapped it up. The fellows, in fact, were uneasy; they had faithfully carried out their orders, but they knew not what might happen in consequence to themselves. It is the punishment of such men as these that they must needs do what their master bids them, as much as if they were bound hand and foot to the devil, because they are one and all in his power, and he might cause every man to be hanged, if he chose. The "Parson" had now lit the fire, which was blazing cheerfully, and there was a candle on the table. The room was small, and the windows were barred; the air was heavy and stinking. As for the "Parson," Jack observed that he was a young man, whose face bore the marks of deep dejection, but not of the brutal habits which were stamped upon the faces of his associates. And he was dressed in a cassock. What was a clergyman doing in such a house?

When the men had eaten their supper, they began to pass round the pannikin. They passed it so quickly that Jack hoped they would speedily get drunk, so that the fighting might begin. They did get drunk, but they did not fight. One after the other, they fell asleep, until two only were left awake. These were to take the first watch, and had therefore been obliged to spare the pannikin. The Parson quietly laid the four who were asleep upon the floor, their feet to the fire. Then he took the candle and looked at Jack.

"Our new recruit," he said, speaking with the voice of a scholar, and not in the coarse and rude speech of his companions—"our new recruit appears to be overcome with fatigue. Zeal for the service hath, doubtless, laid him low."

He laid aside the hair, and looked at the wound. "It is more than fatigue," he said. "I perceive that he hath received a hurt. It is not uncommon with those who come to this house."

"He fell down," one of the men replied; "and he fell down so gallows hard that he knocked his head upon a stone, and hasn't opened his eyes nor his mouth since."

"Gentlemen, the man hath an ugly wound. 'Twere a pity—his Honor would take it ill—if anything happened to this man, a tall and proper fellow, for want of a little care. By your permission, I will bring cold water and dress the wound."

They made no objection, and the Parson presently returned with a clout and cold water, with which he washed the blood, and applied plaster to the wound. As for the bleeding, it was caused by the cutting of the ear rather than the blow on the skull. This done, he laid a blanket over Jack's bare limbs.

"He will now," said the Parson, "when he recovers, lie easier. It is long since you brought in so brave a recruit. Call me, gentlemen, when he recovers; the pulse is quick and strong; he will not long be senseless. I am but in the next room. Shall I bring you some more rum, gentlemen?"

"You may, Parson. The jug is out. Fill it up. We have four hours' watch before us. And more tobacco."

The fire was now burning low. Through the bars of the windows Jack could see the stars, and presently a clock hard by struck twelve. He was a recruit, he now understood. In other words, he had been kidnapped, and was in the house of a crimp. Everybody has heard of such places, but they do not generally kidnap officers of the King's Navy. However, it seemed as if they were not going to murder him, which was a comfort. No man, not even the bravest, likes to be knocked on the head in a house of crimps while helpless and faint.

The men who were on watch filled and lit their pipes, and began to talk in low voices.

"I'm queerly sleepy, mate," said one. "How hard they breathe, don't they?"

"There were no orders about his purse," said the other. "Five guineas and a crown. That's a guinea and a shilling apiece. Little enough, too, for our trouble. What about the clothes?"

"There's no orders about the clothes. Let us have them too."

"No. Let us burn the clothes. Guineas can't tell no tales; but a King's uniform can. Best burn 'em."

"Mate," said the other, "I don't like the job. It's no laughing matter, I doubt. Let us cut his throat at once while the others are asleep. We can slash his face, and lay him naked in the fields, so as no one won't know him again."

"Same as we did that other fellow who tried to get away. We took him to Whitechapel Mount, though."

"We've knocked many on the head before."

"But never a King's officer. This one won't order up no man again for six dozen, will he?"

"Perhaps he is dead already."

The speaker rose, and took the candle. Then he stooped beside the motionless figure and slowly passed the candle across the eyes. If you do this before a man who is sound asleep, he will become restless and uneasy if he is not actually awake; if you do it to a waking man, it is difficult indeed for him not to open his eyes or wink them. But Jack made no sign.

"He is still senseless," said the man. "I wonder if he is really dead?" He felt his heart. "No; his heart is beating."

"Mate?" asked the other. Jack understood, though his eyes were closed, that there was a gesture as of a knife across the throat.

"'Twould make all sure," he said; "dead men tell no tales. Suppose we were to ship him, what is to prevent their finding out that they've a King's officer on board? Suppose we finish him off now, who will be able to split on us? Let us take and do it—you and me—while he's unconscious. What is it? One slice of the knife, and we've done with him, in a neat and workman-like manner."

"Hold hard a bit, mate. What about the tall fellow on the other side? You heard what he said. Besides, the Parson knows. We can't cut the Parson's throat as well. But it's the tall fellow I fear, not the Parson."

"If it comes to hanging," said the other, swearing horribly, "damme if I swing alone!"

"You'll have me kicking alongside of you, mate, and the rest of us. We shall all swing in a row."

"Ay; and he shall kick with us. Oh! I know who he is."

"Who is he?"

"That's my secret. I know him, and that is enough."

"Tell me, my hearty."

"His name is Fletcher—Aaron Fletcher. He's a boat-builder by trade, but he's got a boat of his own, which he keeps sometimes at Gravesend, and sometimes up the Medway, and sometimes she lays off Leigh, in Essex, where I've unladen many a cargo for him. If so be we are brought into trouble by this night's job, pass the word for a warrant to arrest Aaron Fletcher. Don't you forget the name—Aaron Fletcher, of Deptford, him as give the orders, and stood behind the tree, ready to whistle when the lantern showed we'd got him."

"I won't forget, mate. Let us leave the job till to-morrow. If it's to be a throat job, take in the rest: make 'em all have a hand in it—Parson and all. Every man shall have his hand in it. What! are we two to be hanged, and the rest get off?"

They went back to their pipes and their rum.

"The ship sails next Saturday at noon," said one. "We've got but five recruits, counting the Parson, and I doubt if the Captain will let him go. Because why? 'Tis useful and handy to have a man in the place like the Parson, who won't get drunk, and does the house-work beautiful, and doesn't look outside the doors for fear of being taken. There's the 'prentice, and the footpad, and the fellow who sits and snivels all day long. What with the war, and the new ships, and the new regiments, the Company's service will go to the dogs; and what is to become of us? It is a poor show after the stout fellows we used to haie on board, all so drunk that they couldn't stand."

"The Captain says business must get better, and he can't have a set o' lazy rogues eating their heads off. Why did the Captain send us to Deptford? He must be in it as well."

"If he is, who's to prove it? He didn't give no orders. Pass the pannikin."

Their pipes being now out, they began to drink faster, Jack looking on, half tempted to pretend recovery and to ask for a tot of the drink. Fortunately he refrained. For in a short time he perceived that their heads began to drop and their eyes to swim. "Never," thought Jack, "have I seen men get drunk in this fashion before." Then they caught at the table to prevent falling, and poured more rum from the jug into the pannikin and drank it, but with unsteady hand. Then their heads nodded heavily at each other, with wild eyes, as if they would fain keep sober; and then one of them fell from his chair upon the floor, and, with a drunken curse upon his lips, fell instantly fast asleep. "The rum must have the devil in it," Jack said to himself.

There was now only one man left of the whole six. It was the man who was so anxious to finish off the job in workman-like fashion. He looked round him stupidly. His five comrades were lying on the floor, breathing heavily. His eyes fell upon the corner where Jack lay. He rose up, and opened the sailors' knife which hung round his neck.

"I'll cut his throat," he said, with drunken cunning, "while the others are asleep. In the morning I shall say they did it, and I looked on, but couldn't prevent, so drunk they were, and me the only sober one. The Captain he won't let 'em all be hanged, poor devils! when I tell him how they got drunk, and would do it, whatever I could say." Here he rolled, and nearly fell. He reached for the jug, and drank from it. Then his legs gave way beneath him, and he fell upon his back. He tried to get up, still holding his knife in his hand, and meditating the murder. But he fell back, his head pillowed upon a sleeping brother's leg. "I'll cut his throat," he said, "first thing in the morning, before the others wake. If Aaron—Aaron—comes to ask—I'll cut his throat too—and the Parson's too—and the Captain's. I'll cut all their throats."

He said no more, and then there was nothing heard but the heavy breathing and snoring of the whole six. And Jack heard the clock of St. John's strike two. He was not killed yet, and the murderers were dead drunk. If only he could find the strength to get up, and to put on the rags which lay beside him in place of his own clothes!

## CHAPTER XX.

### OF JACK'S ESCAPE.

This resolution of the doubt whether he was to be immediately slaughtered or not naturally gave the Lieutenant considerable satisfaction. The villain who was chiefly set upon his murder was fast asleep, breathing heavily, the knife still in his hand with which he had intended to carry out his diabolical design had not the rum overmastered him.

He tried to sit up. Alas! his head was like a heavy lump of lead which he could not lift. That he was stripped naked would have mattered little; he had a blanket, and the fellows had not taken off his shoes, so that had he got out into the street he would have appeared bareheaded, wrapped round the body with a rug, like a savage, yet, as to his feet, dressed white in silk stockings and silver-buckled shoes. Sailors have been turned out into the street in even worse plight than this, and certainly one would rather escape naked than not at all.

So he lay, listening and watching, for two hours and more. Then the candle, which had been flickering in the socket, went out suddenly, and there was no light except a dim red glow from the dying embers in the fireplace, and the house seemed perfectly quiet.

"This," said Jack, listening, "looks more hopeful. If only I could sit up."

He confessed afterward, and was not ashamed to confess, that he was greatly moved with fear during this uncertainty of his fate, and that no action at sea could compare for dreadfulness with this helpless lying in a corner, expecting at any moment to be slaughtered like a poor silly sheep. "For," he said, "if a man cannot fight, he must needs be a coward. There is no help for him. I shall never laugh at cowards more. I had no strength left in me to make the least resistance—no, not so much as a girl. And I looked every moment to hear one of these villains stir and wake up."

They did not stir or make the least sign of waking; but Jack heard footsteps on the stairs. "Here comes another murderer," he thought; "it is now all over with me, and I shall see my Bess no more. Poor girl! Will she murder Aaron in revenge? Or will she never find out, and marry him? Oh! for ten minutes of my old strength and a cudgel!"

The extremity of his agitation gave him power to lift his head and to sit upright, leaning against the wall, and looking for nothing less than immediate death.

The footsteps were those of the man in the cassock whom they called the Parson. He carried in his hand a candle, with which he surveyed the room and the sleeping men. Then he turned to the prisoner.

"So," he said, "you have come to your senses, and can sit up. Do you think you can stand and walk?"

"If you mean to murder me," said Jack, "do it at once, without more jaw—of which we have had enough."

"I have no such thought, sir. Murder you? Heaven forbid! Why should I murder you?"

"Then hush, or you will wake these fellows."

"Wake them?" The Parson kicked the man who lay nearest him. "Wake them? If the house was in flames they would not wake up till they were half burned. In this place, sir, we know our business, and how to doctor the drink so as to produce as sound a sleep as is thought necessary. For instance, you may sing or dance, or do anything you please, but you shall not wake up these fellows. I have done the job for them, and they are safe for six hours and more to come."

"What do you want with me, then?" asked Jack. "You are one of them, and yet—"

"I am in this house for my sins and for my punishment, not for my pleasure. Ask me no more. As for what I want with you, I am come to set you free."

"To set me free? Is it possible?"

"Sir," said this strange creature, "you are astonished to find any conscience at all in such a place, which is, indeed, truly the habitation of devils. Yet I would not have your murder added to my guilt, and, upon my word, sir, when these villains come to their senses, I believe there is no chance for you whatever. For, sir, consider. The kidnapping of a King's officer, and the shipping of him on board an East Indiaman, is a thing which cannot fail to be discovered, and it is certainly a hanging matter. I know not what madness possessed them to attempt it. Therefore they are mighty uneasy, and though they

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

have put off the matter for the night, because you were senseless, and no man likes to kill another in his sleep, yet to-morrow morning, when they come to themselves and consider the danger they are in, they will, I am certain, resolve to despatch you in order to make all sure, and then, after slashing your face, they will lay you in some open and exposed spot, as Whitechapel Mount or the Market Gardens, or very likely, if it seems easier done, they will tie a stone to your feet and drop you into the river. Because, sir, the body once out of the way, and not to be recognized, who is to prove the murder, unless one of the villains turns informer?"

To this Jack could make no reply, but still he marvelled greatly that such a man should be in such a place.

"Certain I am," the Parson continued, "that never man had a more narrow escape than you. And had you been conscious, or showed any signs of life, they would have brained you. Therefore I kept coming and going, because, though the house reeks with murder, I think that they would not go so far as to murder you before my eyes. But come, sir, it is close upon early morning, and already nearly three of the clock. Rise, if you can, and dress yourself in these rags that are left out for you. Indeed, sir, I cannot restore to you your clothes, which are down-stairs, because I wish it to appear that you have escaped by your own wit and daring. Quick, then, and put on these things."

Then, as Jack was unable of himself to stand, this Samaritan, for he was nothing short, brought him a chair, and helped him to raise himself into it, and clothed him as if he were a child. The things which he had to put on were so old and ragged that they would scarce hold together, and they were so dirty that no ragamuffin of the street would have picked them out of the gutter; no scarecrow in the fields ever had such clothes. They consisted of nothing more than a pair of corduroy breeches and a dirty old knitted waistcoat, both in tatters and full of holes. Nevertheless, when Jack had them on, his courage came back to him. A man feels stronger when he has put on his clothes. Also, perhaps, he was already somewhat recovered of the blow.

"I feel," he said, "as if I could now make some fight."

"It needs not," the Parson replied. "Talk not of fighting, but lean on me, and we will try to get down the stairs. Remember, it is your only chance to get out of the place before these fellows awake. I have below something that may revive you. Try now if you can stand."

He could, though with great difficulty. Surely never was there stranger figure than Jack at this moment. The ragged waistcoat was too tight to button round his chest; the corduroy breeches were too short for so tall a man, and showed his bare knees; the white silk stockings and the silver buckles ill assorted with a dress so sordid; and, to crown all, one side of his head, where the Parson had partly washed it, showed his natural hair, with streaks of blood upon the neck; but the other side was powdered and tied back with black ribbon. But Jack thought little of his appearance.

"Good," said the Parson. "Now lean your hand upon my shoulder, and we will go slowly."

"I wish I was strong enough first to handcuff and make fast these rogues," said Jack.

"Come, sir, your life is at stake, and mine too—if that mattered. Think not upon revenge."

"Aaron," said Jack, "my turn will come. As for revenge, I say not. I would not kill him; but tit for tat is fair. Easy, Aaron—easy. You would make me prisoner, and ship me for a recruit! Very well, Aaron, very well. I shall get my turn soon! Come, Parson, if that is what you wish to be called?"

So this strange Parson supported him slowly and gently down the stairs and into the kitchen, where he found a chair for him, and set upon the table cold meat and bread, and poured from a jar a glass of rum.

"This," he said, "is not drugged. You can drink it without fear. Yet be moderate, for you are still weak. So; now eat a little, but not much, and then you shall go away in safety. But forget not to thank God, who hath delivered you from death and from a den where murders and villanies call aloud for the vengeance which will certainly fall upon it."

Who, thought Jack, would expect an exhortation to religion in a crimp's house?

As he ate and drank his strength came back to him, although he still remained dizzy, and somewhat uncertain of step.

"Man," he said, when he had taken his supper, "who and what are you, and why do you live here among these people?"

"I came here because I am a villain, like my masters; and I stay here because, like them also, I have no other way of escaping the gallows. Is that reason enough?"

"They call you Parson; you wear a cassock; you talk like a scholar. What hath brought a scholar to such a place?"

"They may call me Bishop, if they please. I am the servant of these men. They say unto me, 'Go,' and I go; or, 'Come,' and I obey. If there be any greater degradation for a scholar than to live as cook and servant to fetch and carry drink for a crew of cutthroat crimps, I would fain know what it is. Methinks I would offer to exchange."

"Why," said Jack, "for the matter of an exchange, you might ship as purser's mate, and see how you like that; but hang me if I understand how a clergyman should get to such a place."

Jack now considered his rescuer more carefully. He was a young man not more than five or six and twenty; his cassock was not old, but it was battered and stained with grease; his shoes had no buckles, but were tied with string and were down at heel; his wig was not one which consorted with his sacred calling, being nothing better than an old 'prentice's bob minor, short in the neck, in order to show the buckle of the stock, and as old as any of the worn-out scratches, jemmies, and bob majors which the people fish for at a penny a dip in Petticoat Lane, and even a boy who blacks boots might scorn for the purposes of his trade; but his face was delicate and handsome—a face very far from the dissolute looks of the fellows upstairs.

"Look ye, brother," said Jack, "you have saved my life. What can I do for thee?"

"Nothing," the Parson replied. "I am a lost rogue, though not, I hope, beyond the reach of pardon, and you can do nothing, I thank you."

"Thou hast saved my life. Damme, rogue or not, take my hand. Nay," for the other hesitated, "I will have it. Give me thy hand. Now, then, we are brothers. What hast thou done?"

"It is true," he said, "that I am an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. Unworthy that I am, I may call myself a clerk in holy orders."

"I am in a very pretty rig for an officer in the King's service; but hang me if you are not in worse for a parson."

"Sir," the poor man began, with hanging head, "I lost my curacy by the death of my rector, and I could get no other, nor any preferment at all, not even the smallest, having no interest and being unknown to any bishop or private patron. Then I quickly spent my little stock—not, I can truthfully avow, in extravagance, or waste, or vicious courses; and I presently found that I had nothing left but one poor shilling. This I was unwilling to spend, and I walked about the streets picking up crusts or turnips that had been dropped into the gutter, until I became wellnigh desperate. Sir, you see before you a common footpad. Dressed as I was in the cassock of my profession, I ventured to stop a gentleman in the street, and to demand his money or his life."

"Did he give you his money?"

"No. He turned out to be a man of courage—a thing which I had not looked for. Therefore he drew his sword, and I fled, he running after me, crying 'Stop thief! stop thief!' I escaped, and got home unperceived, as I thought, to my lodging. Never again shall I hear that cry without a knife piercing my heart. The next day I went to the nearest coffee-house, meditating death by my own hands. It is a terrible thing to be a suicide, but worse is it to live among these rogues. I fell in with the Captain, as they call him, the owner of this house and another like it in Chancery Lane. He, perceiving my trouble, accosted me, and presently brought me here and gave me strong drink, under which I told him all."

"But why do you stop here against your will?"

"Because, alas! the hue-and-cry is out after me. In some way—I know not how—the gentleman I thought to rob found means to know my name. If I venture forth I shall be arrested, and presently hanged. For that I must not complain, because the punishment might be taken mercifully in atonement for my offence. But there are others"—here he choked, and the tears came into his eyes.

He drew a paper from his pocket and gave it to Jack. It was a piece of a *Gazette:*

"Last evening we hear that a robbery was attempted about ten o'clock in Chancery Lane by a man dressed as a clergyman, who stopped a gentleman and demanded his money or his life, but being confronted by a drawn sword, ran away. The villain succeeded in escaping, but will, it is hoped, be discovered, the gentleman being confident that he knows who he is, and can swear to him."

"How long ago was this?"

"It is now six months. I have entreated the Captain to ship me with the rest, but he will not, saying that he hath never had in the house a servant who would neither steal nor drink."

"Six months! Why, man, a hue-and-cry that is six months old! Courage! Tell me thy name."

The poor man made a clean breast of all, telling him his name, and trusting him, in short, with his neck. But no one could converse with Jack or look into his face without trusting him. As for his name, it must not be set down. For the man who had thus sunk to the lowest ignominy was presently enabled to return to his own station and his sacred profession, no one knowing aught of what had happened. Not only did he resume his ministry, but he obtained a curacy, and in time received preferment, being now the incumbent of a London church, and greatly beloved for his devotion, eloquence, and learning, so that it is thought by many that if promotion goes by merit he may soon become a bishop. And since no one knows, except myself, this episode of his early manhood, let the thing remain forever a secret.

"And now," said the clergyman, "the time is getting on. Go while the way is clear. Go, sir. And forget this vile house and the unhappy men that are in it."

"As for forgetting the house," said Jack, "you shall see how I will forget the house."

"You must go away dressed as you are, because I would not be suspected. Wherefore I shall leave the door unlocked and unbarred. Here is a cudgel for you, but you will not need it. All the rogues of Wapping—whose name is Legion—are asleep at this hour. Go, then, and remember that never, even in battle, will you be nearer unto death than you have been this night."

He opened the door, which was carefully locked and bolted, and set the prisoner free.

It was now past three o'clock in the morning, and still quite dark. The cold air made Jack shiver in his rags, but it revived and refreshed him. He looked up and down the street. There were no passengers at that hour save the market-gardeners' carts, which were already lumbering along, filled with vegetables, to the markets of the Fleet and Covent Garden; the rest of the world was still sleeping. Then he surveyed the house carefully.

"'Forget th's house,' quoth his reverence? I shall first forget Aaron Fletcher."

It was too dark to observe particularly any distinguishing marks. There was no sign hung out. The ground-floor was lower than the street, and the upper story, which projected two feet and more, and looked as if it was going to fall a any moment, had thick bars outside the windows. "I shall know the house again," said Jack, "by the bars. And now, gentlemen, sleep on and dream—I wish you pleasant dreams—until I come back, which will be, I take it, before you have yet awakened."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ASHER BROWN DURAND.

The death of Asher Brown Durand, which occurred at South Orange, New Jersey, September 17, removes a patriarchal figure from the company of living American artists. Mr. Durand was born August 21, 1796, on the estate on which he passed the closing years of his life, and on which he died. Like most of the American artists of that time, and indeed of a much later time, he began his artistic career as an engraver, having been apprenticed seventy-four years ago. The best known of his plates is his engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne"—an admirable piece of work, which, with others of the same class, won for young Durand the reputation of being the best line engraver in America. He painted many portraits which became celebrated, but it is by his landscapes that he won his greatest reputation, and is best known to the younger generation. These belonged to what has of late years been disparagingly called the "Hudson River School," and their manner has been rendered obsolete by works the painters of which had the advantage of a wider and deeper technical knowledge. But if we "compare them with the bettering of the time," as Shakespeare counselled, we must acknowledge that with whatever technical weakness they may betray, they exhibit also a sincere love and study of nature, and a power of reproducing poetic impressions with delicacy and grace which the works of younger and better equipped men by no means always show. Mr. Durand succeeded Professor Morse as President of the National Academy in 1845.

## CAPTAIN HATFIELD'S FIGHT.

The surrender of Geronimo and Natchez and their companions gives additional interest to every event of the long Apache campaign thus happily brought to a close. There was no more pathetic incident in the whole chase of these hostiles, which lasted from May till September, than the burial of the dead at Frontares, Mexico, a sketch of which, made on the spot, is published this week. Nor does any other incident show better the peculiar difficulties and dangers of Indian warfare in the Southwest.

On May 15 Captain Hatfield, in command of the Fourth Cavalry, was ordered from his position on the boundary line between the United States and Mexico to follow a trail of hostiles northward. He struck the trail by the help of a picturesque scout, who has been christened "Johnnie Fewclothes," and he surprised the Indians and captured their horses and saddles. The command then marched back. While passing through a box-cañon the cavalry themselves were surprised and fired on by Apaches. There was a stampede of the horses, and before order could be restored four men had been killed. The cavalrymen repulsed the Indians, recovered the bodies of their comrades, and carried them to Frontares, Mexico. There in the night by the light of torches they buried them by an old adobe wall. Some of the Mexicans came to witness the simple ceremony, and the "greaser" women shrieked, as is their custom at a burial. Statelier military burials there have often been, but few more impressive ones.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A project is on foot for a submarine railway tunnel, to cost six million dollars, between Sweden and Denmark. We do not know that it is for sale, but there is a piece of tunnel under the North River which the projectors might be able to buy to start with. It is possible, however, that no tunnel will be attempted, for Denmark seems to be in some doubt about it, as England was when the movement was active to connect her by tunnel with France. Some nations appear to regard tunnels as some householders do coal-holes, that is, as convenient places for rapacious intruders to pop through. New-Yorkers, however, have never felt any particular trepidation at the prospect of being connected by tunnel with New Jersey.

It has been found in Dresden that glass can be cast in the same manner as iron, and experiments are now in progress to see how it will do for railway tracks. Nervous persons who had not considered the matter might feel at first some trepidation at travelling upon glass railway tracks, particularly if the cars were furnished with iron wheels, but it is alleged that cast glass is much tougher and more cohesive than cast iron. In fact it is hoped and expected by the inventors that glass rails will outlast rails of steel. A company of Americans in Russia were lately reported as about to engage in the manufacture of paper car wheels. If these should prove durable, it would be very satisfactory to have them and the glass rails used together. Paper wheels running upon glass rails would seem reasonable enough. But the idea of iron wheels upon glass rails does violence to common-sense, as common-sense is at present constituted.

A cow was found dead in a field in East Bradford, Pennsylvania. One of her hind-legs had become fixed in one of her horns, which were very crooked, and plainly she had met her death in her violent struggles to extricate it. Almost every newspaper account of this occurrence is headed, "Death of the Cow with a Crumpled Horn." It is rare to meet with so general and spontaneous a tribute to a favorite author.

A correspondent says that Ireland has more than twice as many policemen as England, in proportion to her population, and nearly three times as many as Scotland. It costs $7,500,000 every year to keep the peace in Ireland, as against $1,700,000 in Scotland, and $17,000,000 in England. The Irish police, as a rule, are very tall men. They wear helmets, and clothes of olive green, and are armed with rifles, short swords, and clubs.

There is a citizen of Texas, according to report, who has in his body several pounds of lead which he received in the shape of bullets. When he was a boy he received thirty-six buckshot from a sportsman who mistook him for a deer; during the war he received several bullets, which remain in his body; and in 1873, by mistake, fifty-one duckshot were fired into his back. At the best estimate he carries about in his person sixty bullets, ranging in size from a duckshot to an ounce Minie-ball.

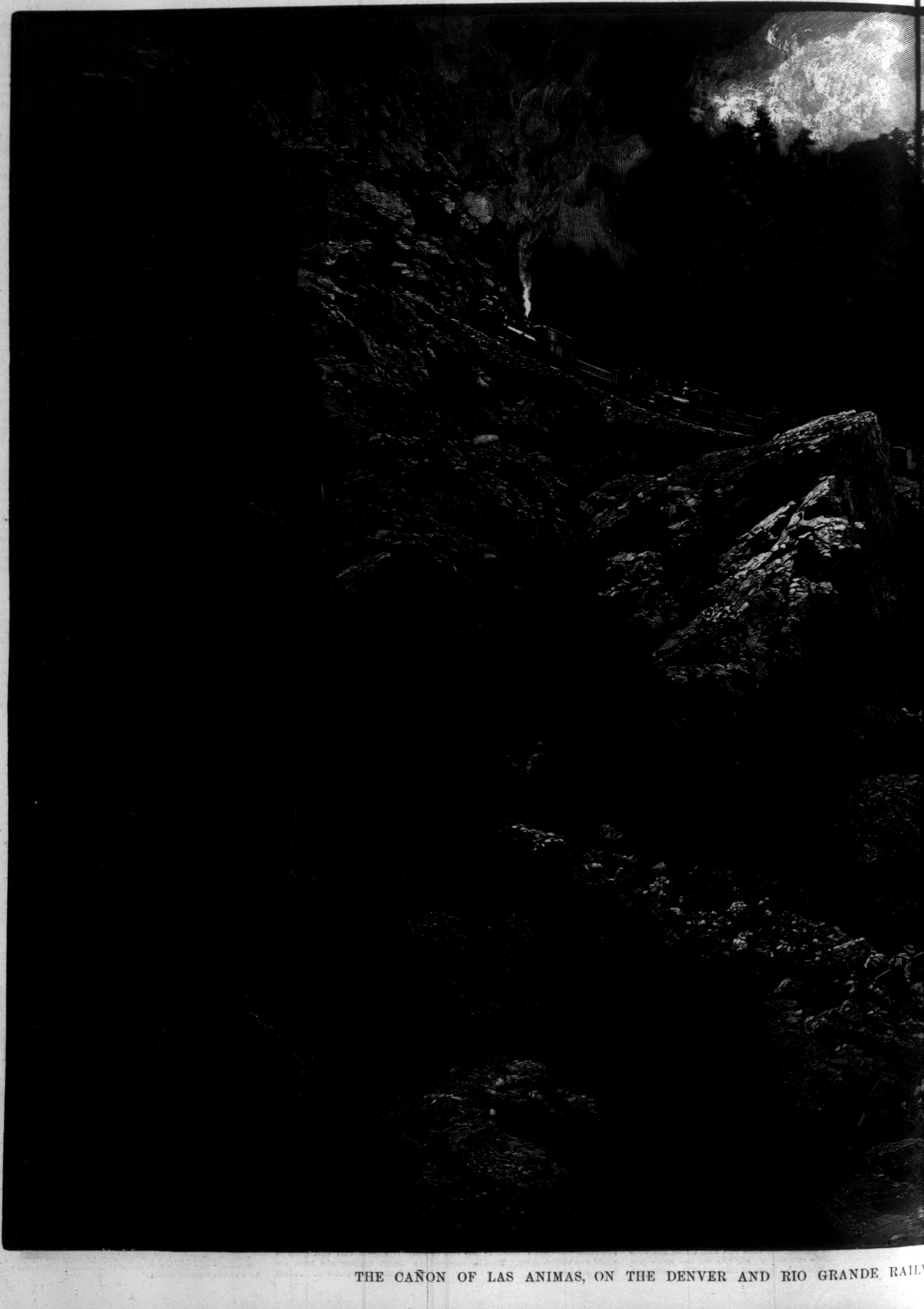
It is reported that one of several new toys which have come out in London this season is a "house on fire. Two firemen stand and work a fire-engine, while a third climbs up a ladder to a third-story window, into which he plunges head-foremost, subsequently appearing through the ground." There is no explanation accompanying the toy, and why the fireman plunges in at the third-story window and comes up through the ground, instead of plunging through the ground and coming out of the third-story window, is something that cannot now be told.

Germany, in addition to having the deepest hole in the ground, has now the tallest chimney. It is 440 feet high, and is 6 feet higher than the chimney near Glasgow, which used to be the highest. The German chimney is $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter at the bottom and 10 feet at the top.

Communities differ very much in the measure of their patience, and a musician may find it awkward to offer to one set of people the provocation that he may give to another set with impunity. It is probable that the gentleman who played a bugle in his state-room on board an ocean steam-ship all the way over from Liverpool was a New-Yorker. He had been educated by hearing the whoops and war-cries of the milkmen and vegetable venders of this town to believe that people would stand anything. It was natural, therefore, that when a fellow-passenger on board the steam-ship expostulated with him and begged him to quit playing on his bugle he should have felt the interference unwarranted and impertinent, and should have resented it accordingly. That the expostulating passenger finally should have been unable to restrain his feelings, and at the conclusion of the voyage, as all were gathered on deck to go ashore, should have struck the bugler violently in the face, is evidence that he (the expostulator) was not a New-Yorker, but probably a Philadelphian whose habit of being quiet was inexpressibly dear to him. If he had been a New-Yorker it would not have occurred to him that bugle-playing between the decks of a steam-ship constituted a noise.

CRUSHING.

Young Sweller, who is a very fine violinist, overhears the following:
Urchin. "Hey, Bill, there's one of them orkestry fellers that plays in ter Switzers Summer Garden."



THE CAÑON OF LAS ANIMAS, ON THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAIL

WAY, COLORADO.—Photographed by W. H. Jackson, Denver, Colorado.—[See Page 622.]

## CAÑON OF LAS ANIMAS.

The discovery of silver ore in California Gulch, Colorado, and the subsequent magic rearing of the town of Leadville, were the spurs to civil engineering which put a railroad through the narrow cañon of the Arkansas River, and added to the long list of scenic attractions belonging to the railway system of the United States a passage through the famous "Royal Gorge." The success of this bold undertaking, the difficulty of which will be appreciated when you are told that the granite walls of this great "shadowy pass" rise perpendicularly many hundred feet in the air, and are in places so close together that there is barely room for the little rushing river to pass between them, led very naturally to the conclusion that there were no portions of the Rocky Mountains, however seemingly inaccessible, which could not be reached by the iron trail of the narrow-gauge railroad. Adventurous prospectors with their pack trains had penetrated into the lofty parks and hidden gulches of the Gunnison and San Juan countries, and little settlements were rapidly springing into existence in all parts of the State. It was with the purpose of finding these new towns, and of connecting them with the outer world, by way of Denver's doorway, that the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, like some huge spider clinging to the foot-hills, threw out long, thin limbs or branches in half a dozen directions up into the heart of the mountains.

Among other "points" which this indomitable little narrow-gauge road set about reaching was Silverton, which is picturesquely situated in a broad park about nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and which is walled in on all sides by lofty peaks. Of course there was only one way of reaching Silverton, and that was through the cañon of the Rio de las Animas, or "River of Souls." Through that cañon, therefore, went the engineers, and behind them followed the iron rails. A view of a bit of this road is shown in the illustration on our double page. A traveller who recently returned from a visit to Silverton, in describing to a friend the journey through the Animas Cañon, said: "The rock ledge along which the railroad runs for many miles bears just about such proportion to the great gulch through which you are travelling as that little mantel-piece over there bears to this room. The train reminds you of a caterpillar crawling along the top of a narrow picture hung high up in an immense gallery of paintings. It's grand, but it's ticklish."

The cañon of Las Animas, better known on the road as the "Silverton grade," is declared by many to be the most magnificent of all the cañons of the Rocky Mountains. Spread out before you as, moving slowly along the narrow ledge, you look from the car windows across the narrow chasm is a smooth, unscalable wall, that gleams like highly polished bronze, but is striped with upright lines of shadow. From apparently unfathomable depths below comes up the roar of driven waters, and leaning from the car window you can just discern the greenish surface of the torrent rushing along the bed of the gorge. Looking upward, you can see where the opposite wall breaks away into receding hills, on whose grassy and wooded slopes in summer-time the sunshine seems to be playing at hide-and-seek. From the rear door of the train you get a view of the wall along which, fly-like, the cars are creeping. The mountain presents a red granite front perpendicular for nearly a thousand feet. The long balcony or shelf which holds the railroad track, and which is only just wide enough for the purpose, has been chiselled from the solid rock midway between top and bottom of the precipice. Overhead the beetling walls tower ominously, in many places projecting so far as to cut off all view of the sky and the sunlight above. In some places the defile closes into so narrow a compass that the tall pines and spruce-trees clinging precariously to the cliffs mingle their branches in a dim arch that spans the chasm. The cost of building of one mile of the railroad through this remarkable cañon was $140,000.

## FROM SEVEN TO NINE OF A DAY

Seven o'clock in the morning, and Anabel Clifton's wedding-day!

The sunshine drifted through the half-closed blinds and danced upon the white wall of the upper room in the Elizabethan tower of the Cliftons' river-town villa. The little apartment, usually in studied order, was strewn with incongruous draperies, and was, as one might say, in dishevelment. Anabel was still asleep. She did not stir when her mother and her nurse—the aged nurse of all the family of eight, of whom the seventeen-year-old Anabel was the eldest and the favorite—climbed up the narrow stairway from the nursery, and stood at the curtained entrance gazing in.

It is not in a sleeper to withstand desperately earnest glances, and Anabel's eyelids trembled, then unfolded. She had been deeply asleep, for she seemed to come slowly back from the mysterious world as she fixed her eyes on the two mute figures and gradually recognized them. No sooner had one ray of recognizant consciousness passed from her than one of the visitors—the mother—vanished. There had been something so girlishly, so almost babyishly, innocent in the sweet little sleeping face, and something so unspeakably dear in its awakening, that she could not trust herself to linger. She stole down the stairway, and catching up from its crib her youngest darling, a girl, and of all her children most like her fresh, faultless, beautiful Anabel, she burst into a passion of weeping.

The old nurse advanced. "Come, Miss Ambel, high time ye war a-stirrin'. An' dis yer weddin' day, an' de presen's a-fluddin' in hansum. Come, honey, bes' put on yer dressin'-gown and lebe de fixin' till affer breakfas'. For Dinah she gone got sech a breakfas'; all de tibbies yer fond ob, Miss Ambel, br'iled chicken, abble tart, eberyting neviting. But dis yere's yer weddin' time, an', honey, dere isn't sech a bride ebery day."

"Such a happy, happy bride!" said Anabel.

She had slipped from her bed in a twinkling, and stood beside her dusky friend, with her hand on the cumbrous shoulder, and her roseate face fondly near the dark-hued, wrinkled, but ever kindly one. She kissed the old goodie a kiss on her forehead.

"Such a happy, happy bride!" said Anabel.

8 *o'clock A.M.*—Breakfast over, but hardly tasted, in spite of "the tibbies." Oh, why do they keep the pet morsels of life until the exact moment when 'tis impossible to swallow them?

"May the children come in?" asked a voice, cheerily.

A rush of little ones. They climb on Anabel's knee, they kiss her, they hug her. May, the eldest, steals her arm around the white neck, and takes one of the long bright golden curls of "the bride" between her lips. Jancey, the favorite brother, blurts out: "Oh, what a fool you are, Nannie, to go and leave us! Such lots of fun as we had ahead, too!"

"And we love you so!" whispers May.

"Oh, you darlings!" cries Anabel, springing up from her chair, and tumbling down the youngsters without noticing. "Bridget! nursie!" she calls to the maids in the anteroom, "take the children away directly."

She can hardly restrain her tears until she is obeyed, and the door closes upon the little figures. Then murmuring to herself, "But I must not cry and spoil my eyes, for it is my wedding day," she weeps bitterly.

9 *o'clock A.M.*—The bridal dress arrived at last. "If it had not been for J——'s influence in the custom-house it would never have got through in time, and you would have to be married in—"

"Has it come?" says Anabel, perfectly indifferently.

Yes; a superb *chef-d'œuvre* of Parisian costuming. White tulle over white satin, the tulle studded all over with white jasmine and orange blossoms; the veil bordered with orange blossoms; a corsage knot of jasmine and orange, and wreath for coiffure to match.

Anabel rejected the bouquet of the corsage. "I shall wear—these at least—natural flowers," she said.

"An' de nat'ral flowers am here," said the old nurse. "Dey am come fo' suah, 'long wid Massa Franklin's weddin' gif'. Better late den neber! A cross ob emrils, Miss Ambel. Missus jes peeked in, an' I miscovered. A mighty pretty gif' for Massa Franklin." And the fond creature gave Anabel a strange penetrating glance—a reproachful glance, if anything so affectionate could be called reproachful.

10 *o'clock A.M.*—Anabel has tried on the wedding dress. Her groomsmen and bridemaids have come to practise the formalities of the ceremony. The eldest brother, Jancey, with a look of great seriousness, personates the bridegroom; May, with no seriousness at all, personates the clergyman. Then Anabel, alone in the tower room, disencumbered of the bridal dress, glances into the small jewel case enclosing the cross of emeralds, Franklin Monroe's gift. "I would wear it if I could," she says to herself, "only a bride must be in pure white. What a lovely color these stones have! I do not wonder that tired lapidaries rest their eyes upon emeralds. I would *like* to wear it, for I love—oh, indeed I love Cousin Franklin next best to mother—next best in all the world to mother and Eugene."

At the very thought of the name "Eugene," Anabel Clifton colored. She was much in love with the young man Eugene Sands, her chosen husband—deeply in love, although she had known him scarcely three months; and but for his high credentials, his wealth and position, his impetuous persistence in hastening the marriage, and the urgent fatality that precipitates a love-match, Anabel's sole guardian, her mother, could not have been persuaded to part so early with her child.

"And to-day I shall be his wife!" gasped Anabel, with a sudden time-stroke on her heart, half dread, half ecstasy.

11 *o'clock A.M.*—"A note for you, Miss Clifton," says a servant, breaking up Anabel's solitude.

12 *o'clock M.*—Anabel is lying motionless in a "dead faint," and the ceremony to be at three!

The news spread through the house like wildfire. The mother, the nurse, and the doctor, hastily summoned, were at her bedside.

"She neber fainted afore in her bressed lifetime," said the old nurse. "Sumthin's happened fo' suah."

"She had a note sent to her," some one suggested. She dismissed immediately the servant who brought it; then a sharp call was heard—a cry. When the tower room was reached, Anabel lay stretched on the floor in a death-like swoon. Where was the note that a moment before she must have had in her hand? It was nowhere to be found.

1 *o'clock P.M.*—The flower decorators busy in finishing the fragrant ornament of the house, nothing remaining to be done but to hang the shields of camellias in the halls, and twine the balusters of the stairs with pink carnations and smilax. Time for the bride to be at her toilet; the hair-dresser is in waiting.

"I must see my mother all alone," said Anabel, still white as a ghost, and almost smothered by the anxious thronging of her attendants. "I want her with me quite alone."

"Den swaller dis yere quietin' bowl ob nourishin', Miss Ambel, an' bear up, honey; missus am trubbled enuf areddy."

Anabel drank the strengthening potion unquestioningly. Then the authoritative crone ordered every one from the tower room, and the mother, pale as her child, came to the bedside.

"Dear mother," said Anabel—and the fond eyes that looked upon her as she spoke seemed to see before their wistful gaze no longer a child, but a woman—a child quickly but surely aged into the lot of woman. "Dear mother, this is my wedding day, but I have changed my mind—changed my mind. Don't be troubled, dear; 'tis only about a *trifle*. I shall be married," she spoke on, hurriedly, "to-day. At three o'clock every one will be here, of course, and I may be a little late. I have changed my mind, dear mother, about my first groomsman." Anabel had a choice in this, because her lover, Eugene Sands, was but a stranger in the town—an Englishman arrested upon a pleasure tour by the fascination of Anabel. "I want Cousin Franklin to be sent for immediately."

"My darling," said the mother, with gentle hesitation, "I will do just as you say, for I want everything to please you to-day. But do you think it is quite kind to Franklin, who has loved you so long and faithfully, and who, although we call him so for affection, is not really your cousin, remember—do you think it is quite kind in you to ask him to accept such a conspicuous place in this ordeal?"

Anabel sank back on her pillow with an ashy line drawn about her lips, threatening another swoon. "I must see him," she murmured. "Send for him, dear mother, if you love your little Anabel. Send for him at once."

2 *o'clock P.M.*—"Is Cousin Franklin below? Tell him to please go into the library and take a book. I shall be ready to receive him presently. And now bring the hair-dresser; and then dress me as quickly as possible."

This was Anabel's order. When every touch was complete she went to the mirror, and for five minutes or more—so they said afterward—looked at the reflection of herself steadfastly.

"Is this *you*, Anabel Clifton?" they heard her say; and then she came back to her mother and the children, who waited to view her, and showed herself—dazzling—to them, all smiles.

3 *o'clock P.M.*—Carriages rolling up to the door. The drawing-rooms in splendor; the reception-rooms on the upper floors filling with opera-cloaked guests and with gentlemen drawing on their light gloves; the bridemaids and groomsmen grouped in an anteroom apart.

"Tell Cousin Franklin he may come to me," said Anabel. She was now in the radiance of her beauty, two bright roses glowing freshly upon her cheeks, for so youth masks with bloom its fever; her eyes violet-lidded, radiant. She whispered to her mother, who was the last to linger, "Darling, bring him yourself, and then leave us for ten, for twenty minutes." She was glancing toward the dressing-table, and added, without change of voice: "Stay a moment, dear mother. Let me see if the ribbon is secure on my fan. Yes, everything is in order." And so, never suspecting the storm that was sweeping over a soul disguised in this smiling calm, Anabel's mother left her.

4 *o'clock P.M.*—An hour after the time fixed for the wedding. The bridemaids and groomsmen becoming very impatient. Anabel still lingers in her tower. Franklin Monroe is seated in the window-seat at her side. Fortunately for the order of the day, and Anabel's sudden wish, he is in full dress. He had intended to be present at this marriage, cost him what pang it might.

"Cousin Franklin," said Anabel Clifton, "I am in very great sorrow, and naturally in my sorrow I turn to a trusted friend."

At this moment a knock at the door demanded attention. "Every one is waiting," a voice said; "but Mr. Sands has not come. Mrs. Clifton will send to his hotel, if Miss Anabel is willing."

"Send for him," said Anabel. And Franklin thought that he saw her shudder. He glanced at his watch, as at the door he reiterated the almost inaudible order. He returned, troubled.

"Tell me," he said, "the cause of your sorrow. I will help you if I can. You can trust me—you know that, Anabel—to my life's end."

Anabel had allowed him in his earnestness to clasp her little white-gloved hand. He felt that it was ice-cold. Then she went to her bureau—the bureau rifled that morning of all its delicately stitched treasure—quite empty now, excepting one drawer, which Anabel unlocked. She took from it an unsealed note—the message that, with a woman's new-born instinct of "veiling her heart from the world," she had concealed and turned the lock upon, before, in the uncontrollable climax of her misery, she had cried for help, and fallen, as they had found her, in a death-like swoon.

She stood still, looking downward, and holding the unsealed note in her hand.

Another knock, another message. "Mr. Sands has left his hotel. They thought he was to leave town by the 4.30 express. What shall we do, Miss Anabel?"

"Send to the depot," was the order.

She flew to Franklin's side. She clasped his hand. "Dear friend," she said, "you have loved me truly for—so long. You love me now, do you not?"

Something forbade the loyal soul of Franklin Monroe to say "I love you" to an affianced bride. But his eloquent eyes, his earnest face, gave assurance to Anabel. He said, "I am at your command."

She put the letter into his hand.

He glanced over the passionate protestations, the plea for forgiveness, the breaking of a heart at Anabel's feet, to comprehend the one marked sentence that explained why the announced marriage was unlawful, impossible—why Eugene Sands had fled.

One more message. "No tidings from the railway depot. Mr. Sands has not been seen there to-day. The people are very impatient. Mrs. Clifton sends to know what we shall say."

"Say *I am coming*," said Anabel.

She closed the door. She was almost fabulous in her brilliant beauty as, in face of her mingled love and resolve, she returned to Franklin.

She tore from the knot of orange blossoms that had accompanied Franklin's gift, and which was already clasped against the bosom of her bridal dress, one flower, and fastened it in his vest.

5 *o'clock P.M.*—Two hours late; but at last the wedding march strikes up. The bride is coming! The long delay is rewarded by the vision. "She looks like an angel," they said.

One riveted gaze at the bride, and then all eyes turned upon the bridegroom.

Already bridemaids and groomsmen had rallied from the shock of surprise. The throng of guests accepted their astonishment as best they might. Anabel's mother, pale and trembling, glancing toward her darling when the cortége entered, with its surprising *dénouement*, murmured, "Thank Heaven!" The young bride's loveliness subdued everybody. Even the children behaved discreetly, beyond all precedent, in extreme exigency of children's behavior. The whole household—the whole town, in fact—had known of Monroe's devotion, and there had been no lack of sympathetic indignation when his right to be Anabel's lover was usurped by an arrogant stranger.

6 *o'clock P.M.*—Under the marriage bell of lilies and white roses, a married woman, Anabel Monroe. And every one pushing up to kiss and congratulate the bride. And the bridegroom? He was equal to the occasion—a good deal to say of a man who, in addition to the usual nervousness ascribed to the masculine mood upon such an occasion, had known in the rapid experience of a moment the transition from despair to triumph.

7 *o'clock P.M.*—In her travelling dress, and in the carriage; the adieux all made; the luck-propitiating shoe, May's pet embroidered slipper, to be framed in a glass case eventually, flung after the receding wheels into the highway. The sound of the dance tread and the music pours into the open air. And from between half-barred blinds of a window not far off an anxious, grief-drawn face follows with its guilty eyes the carriage receding in the avenue's sunset-reddened dusk.

8 *o'clock P.M.*—A compartment in a palace-car destined to stop at West Point. Rooms bespoken by telegraph, which at morning shall show the dawn's superb outlook upon a wooded path winding to the river's edge, the well-known Flirtation Path, freighted for Franklin Monroe with a memory of first love—a first love buried, as he thought, but awakened by fate at last so strangely, so dazzlingly, from the sleeping, not dead, past.

In the car alone, a bride and bridegroom.

"Cousin Franklin," says the new-made wife—"cousin" (she cannot drop at once the old-time term), "you are sure, *perfectly* sure, are you not, that you love me?"

"*Perfectly sure*," not very audibly, not very steadily, but stung to his soul with the blissful assurance of the truth of his assertion, her husband answers.

"I love *you!*" said Anabel.

9 *o'clock P.M.*—A moonlight night. All well! Hudson River express train entering the Highlands.

## THE GHOSTS OF LUNAR CRATERS.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

In Belfast, last spring, I was shown a photograph of a house and the grounds around it in which I noticed a singular feature. The photograph had been taken in the winter-time, when (as I was told by the photographer himself, the owner of the house) the snow lay four inches thick upon the lawns and fields. Yet on one of the lawns, or rather upon the snow covering it, there could be clearly traced the outlines of the courts marked for lawn-tennis. The owner of the house, a gentleman well known in New York (he was one of the most skilful of the team of riflemen sent over from Ireland to America a few years since), told me that he had been surprised to find the forms of the tennis-courts distinctly traceable during the winter months, for they had only been marked with chalk. But that they should in some way be discernible when covered with a four-inch layer of snow would have seemed incredible had not the fact been not only witnessed, but recorded by the faithful eye of photography.

It may not at a first view appear that there is any obvious connection between the craters on the moon and the markings on a lawn-tennis court; but I found in the peculiar circumstances under which these markings were seen, and in their singularly ghostly aspect, the explanation of a lunar feature which I had long noticed without suspecting its significance. In the midst of those broad dark tracts on the moon's face which are still called seas, though it has long been known that there is no trace of water upon them, there can be seen markings which correspond exactly in shape and arrangement with the forms of craters and ridges on the lighter parts of the moon when these are seen under a full light, so that no shadows attest the peculiarities of surface contour which really mark these regions. In other words, where there are no craters, no ridges, no valleys—for the surfaces of the broad dark "seas" are as level as the desert regions on the earth—there are seen, under full sunlight, appearances which as strongly suggest craters, ridges, and valleys as do the actual forms of these features when similarly illuminated. Mr. Saxby, a skilful and experienced observer, residing at Clevedon, Somersetshire, England, in speaking to me of these strange markings on the so-called lunar seas, described them aptly as "ghosts of

craters," though besides craters other irregularities of surface contour, such as mountain ranges, peaks, ridges, valleys, and so forth, seem pictured in the same ghostly way on the lunar seas. One may compare the phenomenon to what might be expected if a condition of things suggested by Galileo's enemies, and jocularly accepted by the Florentine astronomer, existed on these dark parts of the moon's surface. When he announced his discovery that there are mountains on the moon, some of the opponents of telescopic observation answered that the moon must necessarily have a smooth surface, for the Greek astronomers said so. "If, then, there seem to be irregularities, these can only be apparent; the real surface is no doubt smooth, but being transparent, mountains and craters underneath it are seen through its crystalline substance." Galileo retorted with a jest well suited as a reply to so absurd an argument. "Let them beware," said he, "how they cover my lunar craters with crystal, or on their crystal surface I will raise crystalline mountains ten times higher than those they have striven to bury."

But there was no such explanation for the ghosts of craters as Galileo's enemies found for the shadow-throwing craters which his telescope had shown. The solar system presents no transparent substances—except, indeed, the atmospheres of planets—such as the ignorant Aristotelians of Galileo's time felt free (because of their ignorance) to imagine. Even the slate-colored inner ring of Saturn, through which, as through a crape veil, the body of the planet can be seen, has long since been recognized as only transparent in the sense in which a cloud of dust may be transparent. It seemed difficult, indeed, to understand how mere surface markings could have the forms, the wide span, the vast dimensions, of lunar craters. On the other hand, if there ever had been craters having the height as well as the span of those still existing on the moon, it seemed impossible that either they could have been removed so completely as the smooth surfaces of the lunar seas seemed to imply, or that, if buried under some kind of deposit, any trace of their forms could be recognized.

But in the light of such an observation as I recorded at the outset, the ghosts of lunar craters seem not only to be readily interpretable, but to throw very curious and interesting light on the past history of the moon. I have long maintained that in all probability the dark tracts on the moon are the floors of lunar seas from which the waters have long since been withdrawn by a gradual process of absorption into the moon's interior. They lie without exception at the lower levels, or, in other words, they occupy just those portions of the moon's surface where the seas, if ever the moon had seas, must have been; and their peculiar tints correspond well with the belief that they represent layers of finely divided matter, washed by the waves of lunar oceans from the rocks and cliffs which once formed their shores. But if this is so, the broad dark tracts speak of immense periods of time. Long as is the time required for depositing the matter which covers to vast depths the sea floors of our earth, the time needed for corresponding work on the moon, with her thinner air, her smaller allowance of water, and her weaker gravity, must have been very much longer. Moreover, when we consider the shorter duration of the moon's planet life, regarded as a whole, we see that the formation of her sea floors, requiring more time absolutely, required relatively much more time, than the formation of any of the Neptunian strata of our own earth. On the earth the changes have many times occurred which the poet has pictured in the lines:

> "There rolls the deep where grew the tree;
> Oh, earth, what changes hast thou seen!
> There where the long street roars hath been
> The stillness of the central sea!
>
> "The hills are shadows, and they flow
> From form to form, and nothing stands;
> Like mists they melt, the solid lands,
> Like clouds they shape themselves and go!"

On the moon such changes have occurred probably but once. In the lunar seas, if, as we may well believe, they are sea floors, we have the record of hundreds of thousands of years, during which rain and wind and storm, the rushing river and the storm-swept sea, did their work, spreading deep layers of finely divided matter over what had once been an irregular surface. But though the craters and the mountain ranges, the ridges and the valleys, of those buried lands are now buried beneath the smooth surface of vast ocean beds, they attest their presence through some strange difference in the texture of the matter lying over former elevations and depressions. To the eye the difference may be so slight as to be barely discernible—though, be it noticed, the ghosts of craters were first observed when the moon was under ordinary telescopic scrutiny. But photography strengthens the slight differences of tint, insomuch that one might almost imagine the ghosts of craters to be the buried craters themselves, seen "as through a glass darkly." In some of the photographs taken by the Drapers, by Rutherfurd, and by Delarue the features of the buried continents are seen with singular distinctness, although the surfaces actually photographed are as level as the great deserts of our earth.

It appears to me that these ghosts of craters should afford an admirable subject of study for those observers who are privileged to use telescopes of exceptional power. Photography also, as recently applied to the heavenly bodies by the Brothers Henry at Paris (with results much more valuable than any heretofore obtained), might throw valuable light on the past history of our neighbor world. Already astronomers have felt justified in saying of her, "She being dead, yet speaketh." But only lately have they begun to learn how much she can tell us, not only of her own history, but of stages of the earth's history of which the records have long since been swept away from the earth herself. Such records remain on the moon, because in her case denuding forces have been much weaker and have worked for a much shorter time.

## THE CYCLING TOURNAMENT AT SPRINGFIELD.

The fifth annual Tournament of the Springfield Bicycle Club, at Springfield, Massachusetts, was held during four days of last week, beginning on Tuesday. In point of attendance, and in some of the accomplishments, notably the breaking of the one-mile record in the race for the world's championship, the tournament was a great success. The races were, as usual, run under the rules of the American Cyclist Union, and took place on a half-mile track built inside of the regular trotting track in Hampton Park. The advertised value of the prizes given was $7500, and as ten races were run each day of the meeting, and prizes given not only to the first and second, but also to the third contestant in each event, it will readily be seen that a large amount of money was apparently needed.

A particularly interesting feature of this year's tournament was the first appearance of the new and recently defined order of wheelmen known as "promateurs." The promateur, as his name suggests, is a cross between a professional and an amateur, and in England is termed a "maker's amateur." He does not race for money prizes, but is employed to ride and display the merits of some particular style of wheel, which is furnished to him free of charge by the manufacturer, who also defrays all his expenses while attending race meetings. Although this method of advertising has long been employed, such riders have, until this season, been classed as amateurs, and in competition with them real, simon-pure amateurs have had but little chance of capturing prizes.

Now that the League of American Wheelmen has properly classified these promateurs, the genuine amateurs have plucked up heart, and attended the recent tournament in greater numbers than ever before, thereby adding an element of interest to the races that has heretofore flagged. On the other hand, the Springfield meeting was nearly deprived, except among the professionals, of the international feature which has in former years been among its most decided attractions, by this new classification. Makers'-amateurs exist in England as well as in America, and most of the crack riders on that side of the Atlantic are to be found among them; but they will not acknowledge themselves to be ought other than genuine amateurs, and for fear lest they should become tainted with professionalism by coming to America and racing with our promateurs, they have staid at home. Last year these representatives of English manufacturers proved themselves so much faster than the amateurs whom they met on this side that they carried home most of the prizes offered at the Springfield tournament; wherefore the American promateurs, who feel that they have picked up wonderfully within the past twelve months, are greatly disappointed at not having had the opportunity to try conclusions with them again.

The American Cyclist Union this year broke down the division between two classes of riders to the extent of allowing the promateurs to race with the professionals for the world's one-mile championship. This contest, which was conducted in a long series of trial heats, somewhat upon the plan of a billiard tournament, where the contest is gradually narrowed down to two players, attracted more attention than any other feature of the tournament, and resulted in the breaking of the world's one-mile record (his own) by Fred Wood, of Leicester, England, during a trial heat with Woodside, the speedy professional rider of Minneapolis, his time being $2.32\frac{1}{5}$.

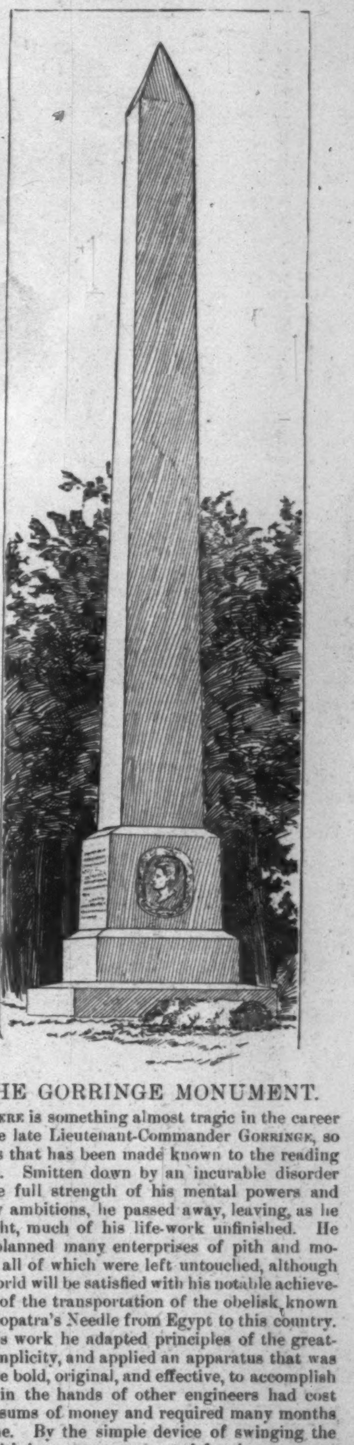
This heat between Wood and Woodside was a pleasing exception to most of the professional trial heats, which were simply "loafs." The management of the tournament deserve great credit, however, for the effort they made to put a stop to all jockeying and hippodroming. Indeed, in the very first professional heat for the world's championship, between R. A. Neilson, of Boston, and R. James, of Birmingham, England, the riders were fined $10 each for slow riding, as well they might have been, their time for the mile being 4 minutes 19 seconds.

Among the promateurs the trial heats for the world's championship were hotly contested. In one heat W. A. Rowe, of Lynn, Massachusetts, beat C. E. Fluge, of Jersey City, in the remarkably good time of 2 minutes 38 seconds. It was a foregone conclusion from the first that Wood would win in the professional class, and that the contest among the promateurs would narrow down to Rowe and George M. Hendee, and the betting as to which of these riders would be the contestant of Wood in the final and deciding heat of all was very heavy.

Hendee appeared in great form during all the events in which he took part. On the opening day of the tournament he captured the ten-mile American championship for promateurs in 29 minutes $28\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, defeating W. A. Rhoades, of Dorchester, Percy W. Stone, of St. Louis, Charles P. Adams, of Springfield, and C. E. Fluge, of Jersey City. Rowe, of Lynn, did not enter for this race, evidently preferring not to meet Hendee until in the heat contest for the world's one-mile championship.

Rain prevented racing on Thursday. On Friday, in the final promateur heat for the one-mile championship between Rowe and Hendee, the former won by half a wheel. Rowe and Wood raced the final heat on Saturday, and the championship was won by Rowe in $3.08\frac{3}{5}$.

The amateur races were nearly all interesting and well contested. In the one-mile amateur tandem tricycle race for the American Cyclist Union Championship W. E. Crist and P. S. Brown, of Washington, D. C., lowered all previous records, making the mile in 2 minutes $43\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. The fastest time ever before made was 2 minutes 46 seconds. This was a very hotly contested event. A. B. Rich, of Brooklyn, and Fred Foster, of Toronto, Ontario, were second, and F. T. Huntington and G. H. Collister, of Cleveland, Ohio, third. The five-mile amateur race of the 16 minutes 30 seconds class was one of the most exciting events of the tournament. It brought out ten riders, and was won in 15 minutes $2\frac{1}{5}$ seconds by H. S. Hart, of New Britain, with H. L. Burdick, of Albany, second, and P. S. Brown, of Washington, third. Since nearly all who took part in the Springfield tournament are entered for the opening tournament which is to be given on the new grounds at Roseville Station, Newark, New Jersey, beginning September 30, New-Yorkers will soon have an opportunity to see a repetition of these exciting events.



## THE GORRINGE MONUMENT.

There is something almost tragic in the career of the late Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe, so far as that has been made known to the reading world. Smitten down by an incurable disorder in the full strength of his mental powers and manly ambitions, he passed away, leaving, as he thought, much of his life-work unfinished. He had planned many enterprises of pith and moment, all of which were left untouched, although the world will be satisfied with his notable achievement of the transportation of the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to this country. In this work he adapted principles of the greatest simplicity, and applied an apparatus that was at once bold, original, and effective, to accomplish what in the hands of other engineers had cost large sums of money and required many months of time. By the simple device of swinging the monolith in a structure erected for that purpose, Captain Gorringe succeeded in lowering the stone to the surface of the earth in safety. Instead of expensive transports, he took an iron ship, cut a hole in her bows, run in the obelisk, closed up the aperture, loaded the remaining stones by usual means, and sailed away while the baffled and corrupt native officials were studying out schemes for more black-mail and further detentions of the venturous American. The same appliances used in the lowering of the monolith were employed to raise it to the position which it now occupies in Central Park.

It has been truly said that, in its way, this feat of engineering was without a parallel. As compared with what had been accomplished by other nations in the direction of obelisk removal, the work of Gorringe was simplicity itself. And they who know anything of the obstacles, other than purely physical ones, overcome in Egypt by the bluff and undiplomatic naval officer, will understand that it is only faint praise to say that he showed himself a master of other arts than that of engineering when he brushed aside or surmounted all difficulties thrown in his way.

Full of ambitions, eager for time and opportunity to enter and explore other field of curious research, Gorringe was cut down when he was in the midst of heroic efforts to extricate himself from financial difficulties. In life he had endeared himself to those with whom he came in contact. He was a hearty hater of all shams, and an equally hearty lover of all that was good and true and genuine. His friends were knit to him as with bands of steel. His breezy and sunny temperament attracted innumerable persons, and his steadfast friendship was something to be cherished. Such a man, dying in the midst of plans unfulfilled and schemes immatured, could not but leave behind him a wealth of affection and respect. This has shown itself in the erection of a monument over his grave in the picturesque Rockland Cemetery, at Sparkill, on the Hudson River. It is emphatically a memorial raised by loving hands.

The sum of money required for the purpose of setting up the monument was collected from the ready contributions of the friends and personal acquaintances of Captain Gorringe. The monument, which is expected to be unveiled early in October, is an obelisk of granite from the famous Green Mountain Quarries near Barre, Vermont, and is an exact copy of the Cleopatra's Needle, on a reduced scale, the proportions of that work being carefully preserved throughout the whole structure. The monolith is 25 feet 6 inches in height, and 2 feet 9 inches square at the base. It surmounts a die of the same stone, whose faces are 3 feet 9 inches by 3 feet 4 inches. The die rests upon two lower bases, and these rest upon a platform of dark Quincy granite 6 feet 6 inches square. Two sides of the die bear medallions in bronze, of rectangular form, with rounded corners conforming to the outline of the Egyptian cartouch. These are sunken into the granite surface somewhat deeply. One medallion holds a striking likeness of Gorringe surrounded with a wreath of mingled oak and laurel.

The other medallion shows in relief the device of turning the obelisk as invented and used by Gorringe. On the south side of the die, in raised polished letters, is the record:

Henry Honeychurch Gorringe.
Born in Barbadoes, West Indies, August 11, 1841.
Died in New York July 7, 1885.

On the north side of the die is the following inscription:

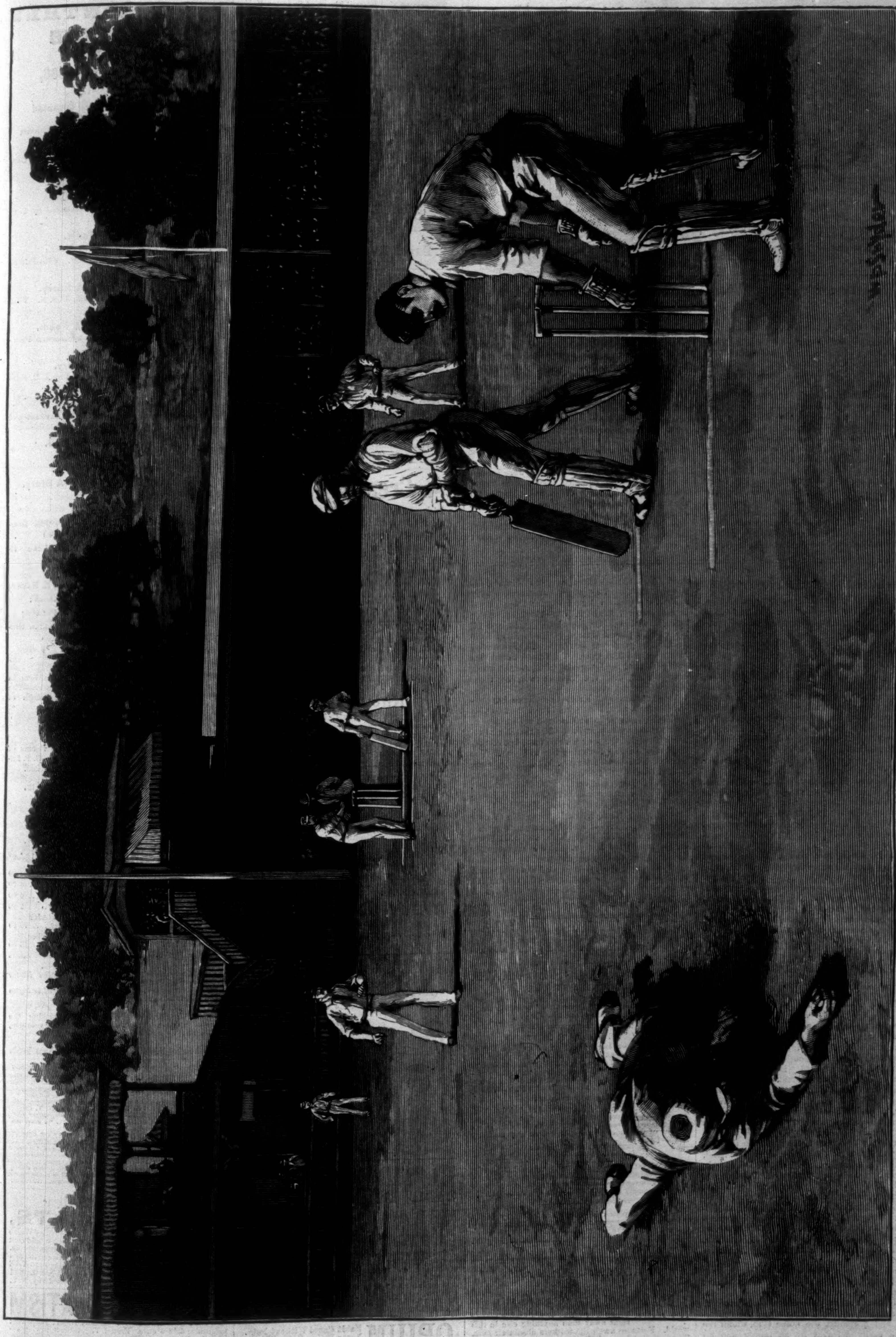
By his courage, skill, and patriotism in the naval service of his adopted country, in her time of need, he rose to distinguished rank.

His crowning work was the removal of Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to the United States—a feat of engineering without a parallel.

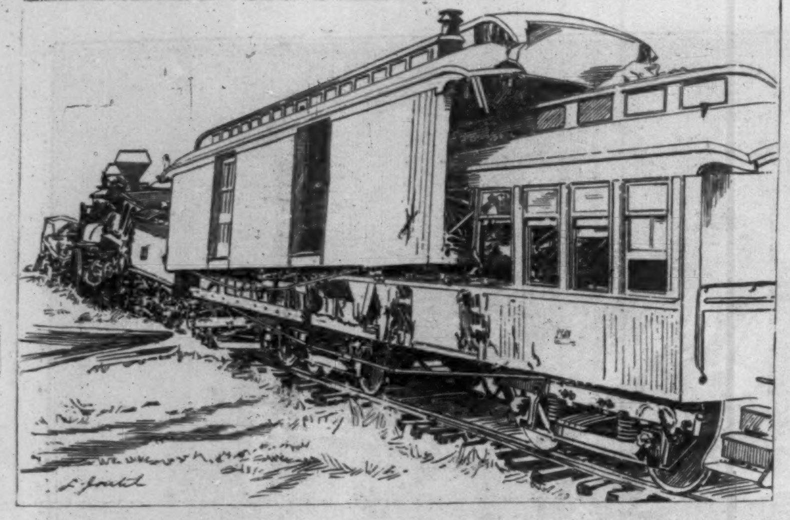
Brave, tender, and true, he passed away lamented by those who knew his worth, whose loving hands have raised this obelisk to his memory.

The monument has a total height of about thirty-two feet; cost, $2500. It was executed by the New England Monument Company; the bronze sculptures by Caspar Buberl. It stands on a knoll overlooking the noble Hudson, the waters of the Tappan Sea being almost directly under the bluff crowned by the work. This shapely and simple obelisk, severe and symmetrical in its stateliness, is noticeable for a long distance up and down the river. Its immovable finger, white against a background of verdure, and pointing upward to the sky, will be for generations to come a perpetual reminder of the brave and generous nature of him who sleeps beneath.

THE BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.—Drawn by Henry Sandham.—[See Page 623.]



INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH ON THE GROUND OF THE GERMANTOWN CLUB AT NICETOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 628.]




AFTER THE COLLISION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY B. R. GIFFORD, DUNKIRK, NEW YORK.

## THE SILVER CREEK COLLISION.

A FRIGHTFUL disaster occurred on the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis Railroad, commonly known as the "Nickel Plate" road, on Tuesday of last week. A train loaded with excursionists bound for Niagara Falls ran head on into a heavy west-bound freight train near the village of Silver Creek, about thirty miles distant from Buffalo. At the time of the collision the excursion train was pulling round a curve in a deep rock-cut, and was moving at the rate of only about eight miles an hour. The freight, having clearly the right of way, was travelling thirty miles an hour. The engineers and firemen of both locomotives jumped and escaped with their lives, but LEWIS BREWER, engineer of the excursion train, promptly disappeared from the scene, and was not heard of for several days, when a letter, undated, but written in his hand, was received by one of the daily papers at Buffalo, in which letter he said that he had received orders to pass the freight at Silver Creek, but as there was no side-track there, and as he had never before had orders to pass a train there, he proceeded on his way. This seems to put the blame properly and solely upon the engineer and conductor of the excursion train, for there was no earthly excuse for their going on beyond Silver Creek. Wherever the blame may rest, the result of the blunder was awful. The excursion train—as excursion trains often are—was made up of unevenly matched cars. The baggage-car coupling was higher than that of the smoking-car, which immediately followed. The result was the complete telescoping of the smoking-car, as shown in the cut above. When the sides of the smoking-car were broken open, bruised and mangled bodies were found doubled up in all sorts of shapes. More than twenty passengers, all men, were killed outright or died in a short space of time from their injuries, and the list of wounded was long. The passengers in all the cars back of the smoker escaped without injury.

## FOREIGN CRICKET TEAMS.

THE visits of both gentlemen and professional English cricket teams to this country and Canada have been so frequent during the past few years that their coming has ceased to be regarded as a novelty in cricket circles. Not so, however, was the advent of the West Indians. They reached here in two instalments about the middle of August, the Jamaica contingent landing at Boston, while the little party of players from Barbadoes and Demerara came by the way of New York city.

Owing to a sufficient number of foreseen and unforeseen obstacles in the way of amalgamating a representative eleven, which would have disheartened any other organizer than the indefatigable Mr. Guy Wyatt, of Georgetown, Demerara, the Indians commenced the first match on their schedule at Montreal, Canada, on August 16. Throughout their tour they played with indomitable pluck, no better instance of which could be afforded than in their match with the champion Germantown Club of Philadelphia, when the Indians fielded all day against the 310 runs compiled by the home aggregation, never once weakening or becoming in the slightest degree demoralized while the game lasted. Playing almost every day during their stay here, travelling by night to meet engagements at both ends of the Dominion of Canada, they may be said to have never had a chance to catch their second wind until they found themselves on board the steamers which again split the genial party into its original little bands. They left here on September 15, the Jamaicans sailing on the steamer *Alvo*, and the *Barracouta* carrying away those for Barbadoes and Demerara.

Of the thirteen matches played, the visitors won six, lost five, and had two drawn, one of the latter (with Montreal) in their favor, and one (with the Young America of Philadelphia) against them.

The great event, however, of the present cricket season is the visit of English gentlemen players, the first of whose two international matches against the Philadelphia gentlemen has been appointed for September 23. Both matches will be played on the International Grounds, of the Germantown Cricket Club, at Nicetown, Philadelphia, The English party consists of Mr. W. E. Roller, of Surrey County fame, who captains the team, and was a member of last year's eleven which visited this country (he is a magnificent bat, and has been very successful with the ball during the present tour); Mr. E. H. Buckland, of Oxford University; Mr. T. R. Hine-Haycock, who was here last year; the Rev. A. T. Fortescue; Mr. K. J. Key, of Oxford University; Mr. A. R. Cobb, of Oxford University; Mr. F. T. Welman, of Somersetshire; Mr. C. E. Cottrell, of Middlesex; Mr. H. Rotherham, of Warwickshire—and the Marylebone Club; Mr. J. A. Turner, of Cambridge University; and Mr. H. W. Bainbridge, captain of this year's Cambridge University eleven.

The Englishmen arrived here on August 29. Their list of fixtures, arranged by Mr. Frederick M. Bissell, president of the Cricketers' Association of the United States, contains eight matches. The first was played at Staten Island on September 1 and 2, against the home club, whom the visitors easily defeated by an inning and 49 runs. The tourists then went to Toronto, *viâ* Niagara Falls. The match at Toronto was against the Ontario Association, and was played on September 7, 8, and 9. The Englishmen won by eight wickets. On September 11, 13, and 14, the visitors played sixteen of Montreal, at Montreal. The game was won by the Englishmen by an inning and 116 runs. The fourth match was with fifteen of the Longwood Club, at Longwood, near Boston, and the visitors won by three wickets.

The International Match Committee have selected fifteen men, from whom the eleven to play the English gentlemen at Nicetown will be chosen. Four of those who play in the first match will retire in favor of the four who do not play, so that each man in the following list will play. The team is as follows: Messrs. W. Brockie, Jun., H. I. Brown, W. G. Durking, W. C. Morgan, Jun., George S. Patterson, and F. W. Ralston, Jun., from the Germantown Cricket Club; F. E. Brewster, E. W. Clark, Jun., Howard MacNutt, C. A. Newhall, and R. S. Newhall, from the Young America; J. A. Scott and W. Scott, from the Belmont; and W. C. Lowry, Jun., and J. B. Thayer, Jun., from the Merion. This is undoubtedly the strongest team ever presented by American cricketers, and the matches at Nicetown, which will be attended by thousands of lovers of the game, will be the most interesting displays of cricket ever witnessed in this country.

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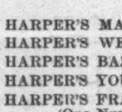

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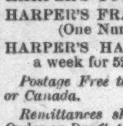

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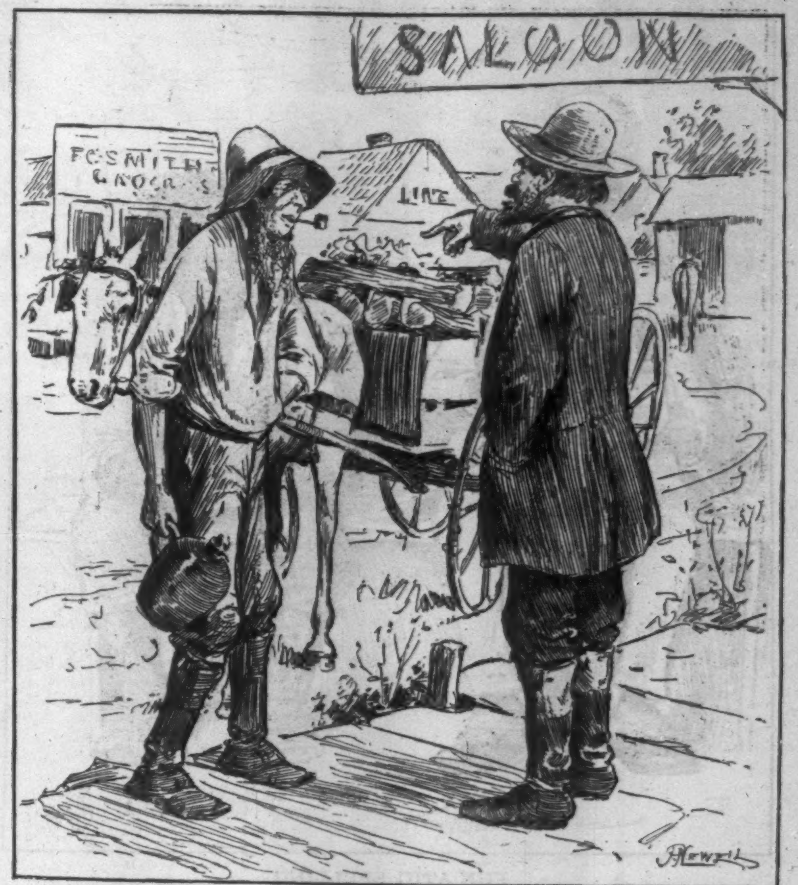


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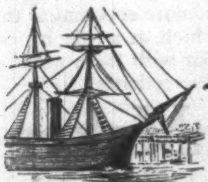

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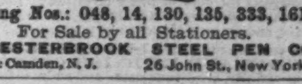


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